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(Advertisement)

As a reader of novels, I've always had a weakness for scoundrels. Not the deep-dyed, murderous kind, but the sort exemplified by, say, Long John Silver—a cheerful rogue if ever there was one.

I've recently discovered, for other connoisseurs of knavery, a plentiful supply of real-life rascals in one period of our own history. It began shortly after the end of the Civil War, when the nation was surfeited with sacrifice, and it produced such characters as Jim Fisk, Commodore Vanderbilt and, preeminently, the incredible Jay Gould.

In his new biography, "Gould's Millions," Richard O'Connor recounts with commendable zest the career of a man whose only redeeming characteristic was his impeccable family life. Beyond that, Jay Gould was a fantastic villain: a millionaire (by chicanery) before he was 30, his specialty was manipulating great corporations and milking them dry.

In one early episode reported by Mr. O'Connor, Gould and flamboyant Jim Fisk went into partnership against the unbeatable Commodore Vanderbilt. When the smoke had cleared, Vanderbilt was in full retreat, and a once-proud railroad had become an utter shambles—two streaks of rust running from Jersey City to Buffalo.

A final word: I especially recommend "Gould's Millions" to those who have a little money in today's well-regulated stock market. After reading of the casual way in which Jay Gould and his rivals smashed small investors to rubble, we can all give thanks and enjoy Jay Gould safely, at a distance.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Gould's Millions" ($4.95), by Richard O'Connor, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available from your local bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.

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Cover photograph by Terry Reilly, a student at Albany State

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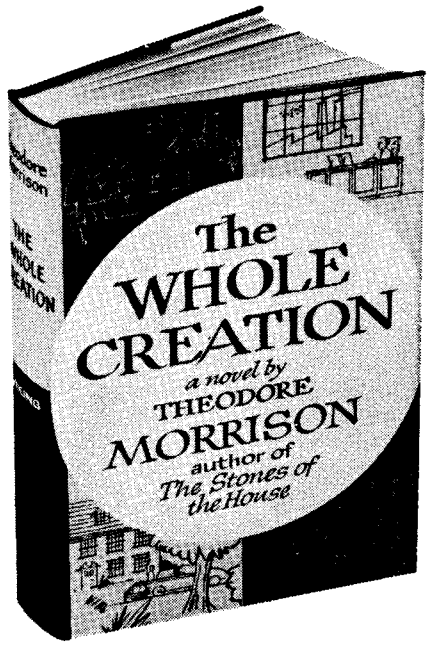

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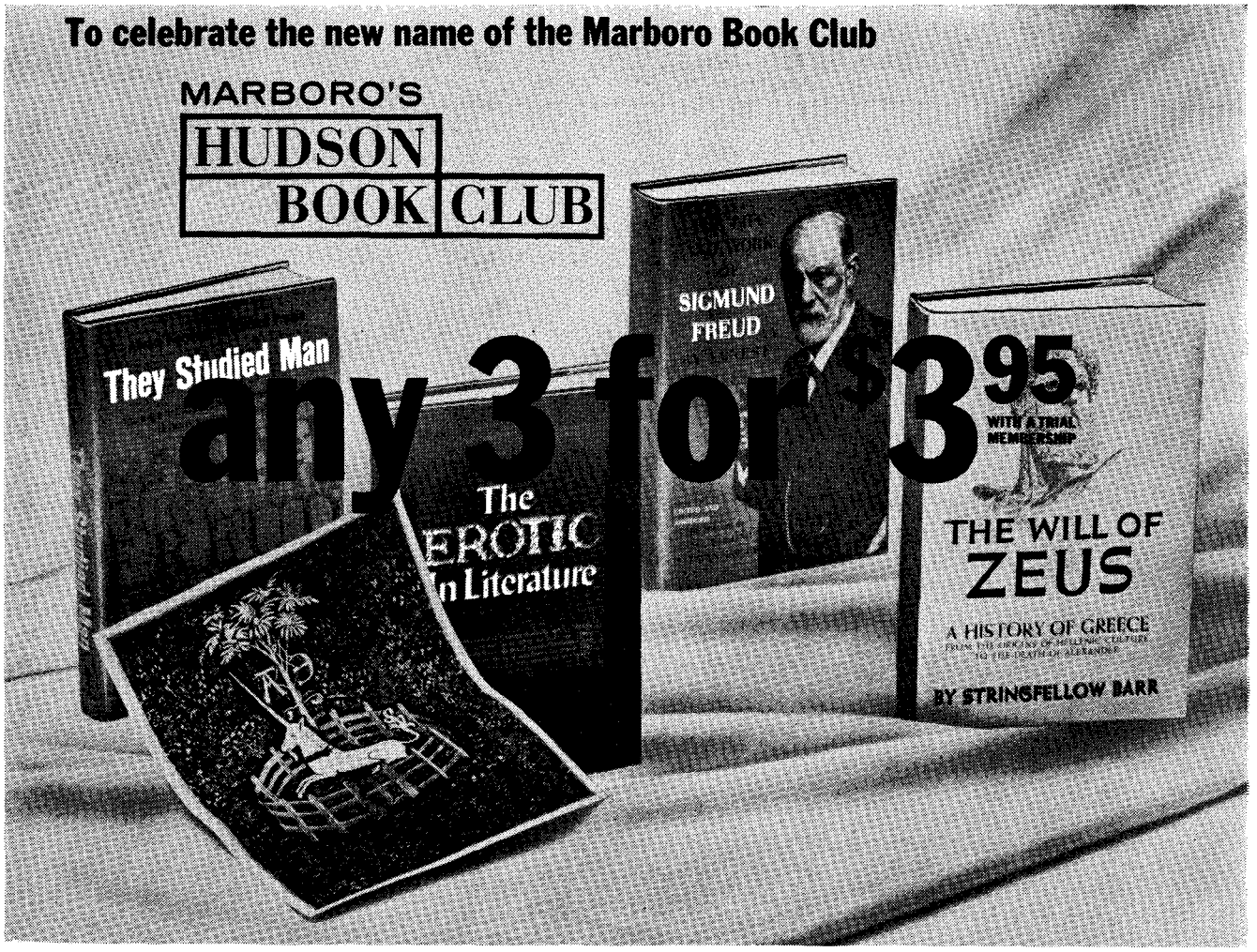

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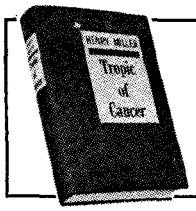

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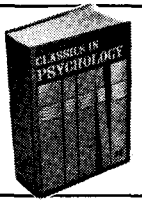

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Drink to Me Only

Edited by Martin Levin

OUCH! A THOUGHT STRUCK ME!

A poet thinks little round thoughts
weighing no more than an ounce.
You can put four or five in your pocket;
the important thing is, they bounce.

The novelist thinks large thoughts
extending from door to door.
They are colored, lumpy, and streaky,
they dribble all over the floor.

My thoughts, they are curly and frail,
they will not remain on the ground,
they blow away like potato chips over Long Island Sound.

—Morris Bishop.

• • •

A KIND WORD FOR DRINKING ALONE

According to the medical experts who help staff some of our national magazines, the most obvious and degrading symptom of disease is found in solitary drinking. They warn everyone away from drinking alone. The advice tendered to drink with groups, however, is perhaps some of the worst advice ever offered.

In the first place no matter what the party or happy gathering, there will always be at least one man who takes the drink he didn't particularly want simply because everyone else was drinking. It may well be this fellow's mangled body the state troopers pull from behind the smashed wheel of a battered automobile sometime later that night. People who drink in groups always have "one for the road."

The man who drinks alone is already home, and not only he but another motorist is saved. Also, he is not in the bathroom heaving nor will he have morning-after regrets about vino veritasing. It is an absolute slander and a degrading canard to say the man who drinks alone is a sick man. He is drinking because he likes liquor, not because he wants to get as drunk as everyone else. He will avoid the wife-swapping party that takes place when everyone gets good and loaded, and all the virgins are safe from his depredations. The man who drinks alone is minding his own business, the way it should be.

—Harry Golden.

• • •

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CASSIAN

Russia was the originator of the double-or-nothing way of life. It had two revolutions in 1917, as if one revolution were not enough. The first revolution, in February, deposed the Tsar; the second, Bolshevik one, in October, deposed the deposers of the Tsar.

For a full fortnight after the first revolution broke out the people of Novgorod, my very ancient and very sleepy hometown, continued to live under the old regime, oblivious of any changes, as His Majesty's loyal subjects. The reason was that the clerk in charge of the telegraph office bore the name of Cassian.

The Petrograd newspapers, our principal source of information, because of the war and the Russians' general dexterity in matters of transportation, usually arrived three or four days later. We had a weekly newspaper, the Novgorod *Courier*, that came out twice a month, and its next issue was not due for another three weeks.

Cassian, in charge of the telegraph office, was the least important of all postal employees. The most important was the Postmaster: he read all the letters and knew everything about everybody. His assistant read most of the letters and knew almost everything about almost everybody. The eight mailmen read the postcards they delivered and knew a few things about a few people although postcards could not be considered an ideal source of information. Cassian knew nothing. Nothing worthwhile was ever told in a telegram except a request for money or an announcement of a death or a birth.

Cassian was a disillusioned man. He was small, lean, with watery blue eyes and an expression of perennial reproach on his face. He looked like an aged and tired turnip. His wife was small, dried up, with the same kind of watery blue eyes and unhappy expression on her face. They had six children, each, as the Russian saying goes, smaller than the smallest.

Cassian was a heavy drinker. Anyone with that name would be. Russians celebrate their Saint's day, not their birthday. Cassian was named after an obscure saint who was born on the Twenty-Ninth of February. All Cassians in Russian life and lore were tragic figures; once in four years they went on wild sprees. But not our Cassian. He went on a spree every year. He insisted that his patron saint was born on the day that followed the Twenty-Eighth of February, whatever it was. He had a point there.

Celebrations in Russia last a long time. An hour's celebration takes a day to run its course, and a day's celebration takes a week. Cassian usually started on the Twenty-Seventh of February and ended on the Sixth of March. All that time the telegraph office was closed.

On the Twenty-Seventh of February, 1917, the Russian Parliament (*Duma*) defiantly refused to submit to an imperial decree ordering its dissolution. Cassian began to celebrate his Saint's day. There were no newspapers in Novgorod. Our city occupied a strategic position in the realm; whenever something happened anywhere in Russia, trains stopped coming to Novgorod.

On the Twenty-Eighth of February the *Duma* proclaimed a Provisional Revolutionary Government. Saint Cassian's day went into its second day. Tension grew in Petrograd on the First of March, which also could be reckoned as the Twenty-Ninth of February. Cassian paid a short visit to his house to check on his wife and six children.

On the Second of March the Tsar abdicated. Cassian spent that day and the following one in Varlamov's Traktir, a speakeasy of excellent ill repute.

On the Fourth of March Cassian was brought to his home in a condition of utter stupor. Russia was proclaimed a Republic. There were still no trains coming to Novgorod and, consequently, no newspapers.

On the Sixth of March the telegraph office was reopened by a very sickly and unsteady Cassian. He found a number of incomprehensible wires, among them one directing the Governor to dismiss himself and transfer his powers to a Council of Responsible Citizens. That the Governor, a most reactionary gentleman, refused to do. The annual Governor's ball was in full swing; it was three days old and had at least another four days to go. One could not change horses in midstream. —M. K. Argus.

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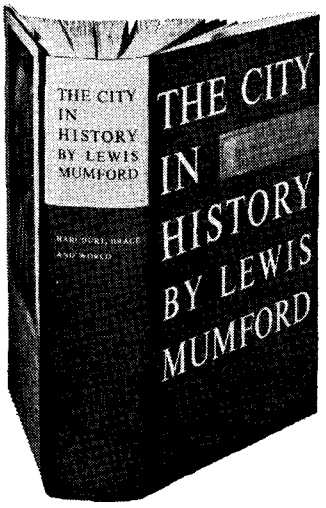

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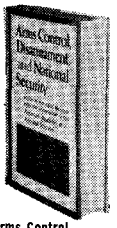

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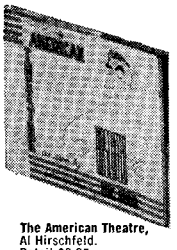

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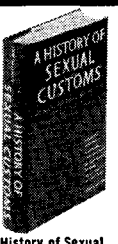

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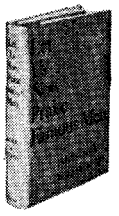

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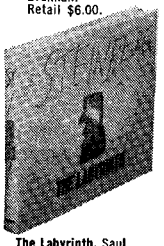

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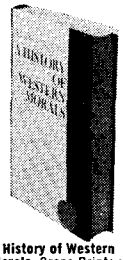

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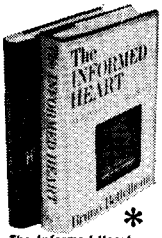

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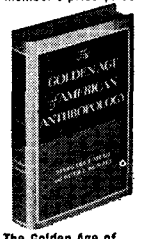

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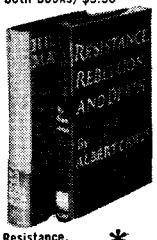

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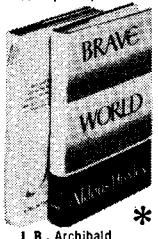

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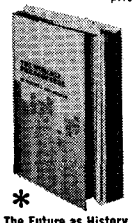

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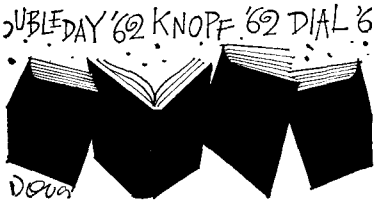
TRADE Winds

NOW THAT THE New Year is well under way, publishers everywhere are taking a long look at their lists to see which of their books may crack the magical barrier that determines which are going to be best-sellers and which are going to have to be content with lesser



laurels. There is no reputable editor anywhere who will claim that he is infallible when it comes to deciding what will be a best-seller and what will not. There are too many legends in the publishing world about gigantic sellers that suffered a score of rejects—and about books that carried with them the highest hopes, only to end up as remainders. Just the same, whether the future is clear or not, all along Publishers' Row these days some optimistic bets are being placed.

WE CHATTED with several editors at the beginning of the New Year to find out what special enthusiasms they have been nursing along, and which will be appearing within the next few months. Although all of them are seasoned veterans of the buckram-bound world, each displayed a heady enthusiasm for the coming year in publishing.

DONALD FRIEDE, of World Publishing, thinks that James Ramsey Ullman is coming up with a sure winner with "Fia Fia," a new novel about the South Pacific. "He's at his storytelling best," says Mr. Friede. He is also enthusiastic about Simone de Beauvoir's autobiography, "The Prime of Life," in which she recounts her years with Jean-Paul Sartre.

Friede also has fine words for Clifton Fadiman's "Enter Conversing," to say nothing of Richard ("The World of Suzy Wong") Mason's new novel, "The Fever Tree."

KEN McCORMICK, of Doubleday, one of the most seasoned of the seasoned, has so many enthusiasms it's hard to contain him. However, he will tell you that Arthur Hailey's forthcoming novel, "In High Places," started the blood coursing through his editorial veins, and also those of the Literary Guild judges, who picked it as their February selection. He is also enamored of Ernie Kovacs's stinging social commentary, "How to Talk at Gin," which is illustrated in a delightful and amateurish way by Kovacs himself.

On the more serious side, he feels that "Six Crises," Richard Nixon's own story of six personal crises he faced, has tremendous power. "The story of his own defeat," says McCormick, "is one of the most moving and penetrating I've read."

ONE OF THE men who helps keep Simon and Schuster among the leaders in the book market is Peter Schwed, who, like most of the editors we talked to, is so enthusiastic he can't narrow his choices down.

"One very big book," he told us, "which we're going to sell the hell out of is Sam Snead's 'The Education of a Golfer.' He uses the same technique we used a couple of years ago with 'The Education of a Poker Player,' which we sold 200,000 copies of. Snead tells a very frank, confessional type of autobiography—and at the same time he includes at the end of each chapter some solid, down-to-earth instructional sequences." You'll be able to check Mr. Schwed's prediction when the book comes out in April.

Other books fighting for attention on the S&S list include Irving ("The Chapman Report") Wallace's "The Prize"; a new Christopher Isherwood, his first in seven years, "Down There on a Visit"; a major novel by *SR* columnist Niccolo Tucci, "Before My Time"; and a witty book by P. G. Wodehouse on the art of writing, called "Author, Author."

AT DIAL PRESS, editor Jim Silberman has nothing but enthusiasm for the new novel by Earl Hamner, Jr., "Spencer's Mountain."

"It's a really warm book that works,"

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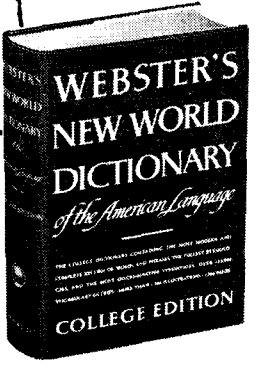

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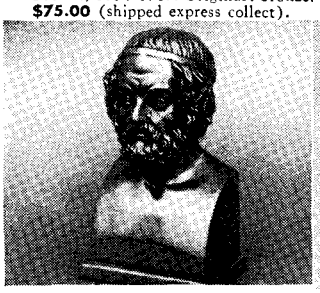
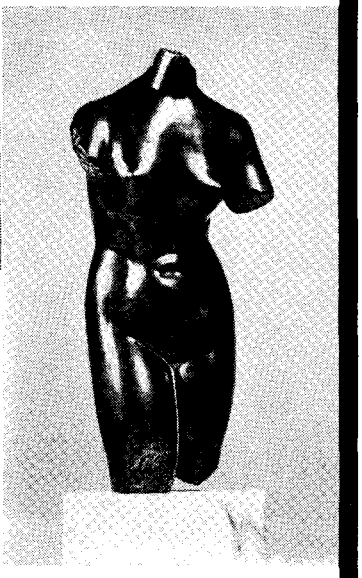
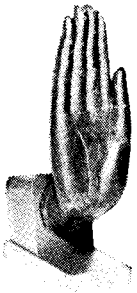
BA-3—Dancer Looking at the Sole of Her Right Foot. By Edgar Degas. French, 1834-1917. Original: bronze. Baltimore Museum of Art. Ht.: 19½" **$75.00** (shipped express collect).







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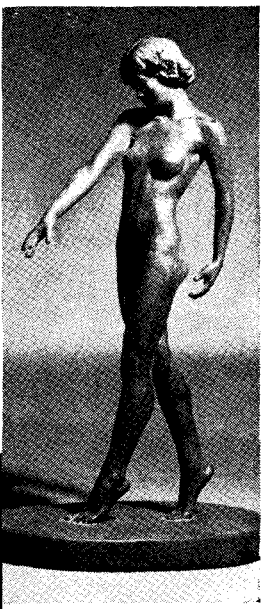

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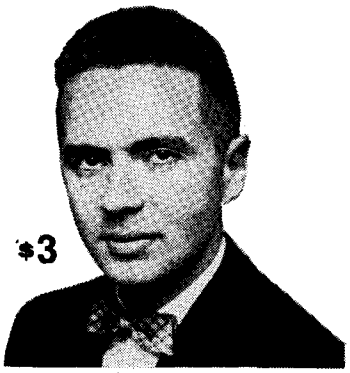

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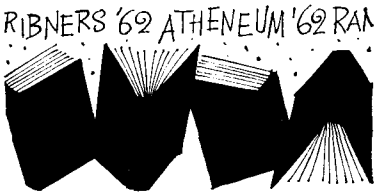
Silberman told us. "A lot of them frankly don't work. This does. It's a simple book. Not the kind of a book that I expected to like personally, but I did. Harper Lee wrote us a note saying she was wild about it, and I think a lot of other people are going to feel the same way."

ROGER STRAUS, at Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, feels that Belgian-French novelist Françoise Mallet-Joris is coming forth with a big one—a magnum opus, as he calls it—when her new novel, "The Favourite," is published this season. Mr. Straus also predicts that John Canaday's scathing views on modern art, as expressed in "Embattled Critic," will stir up considerable fuss.



MIKE BESSIE, at Atheneum, would have it known that Daniel J. Boorstin's "The Image—What Happened to the American Dream," is bound to make Americans sit up and look at their follies. "It strongly suggests," says Bessie, "that we have substituted images for realities." His colleague Hiram Haydn can't find enough words of praise for Reynolds Price's new novel, "A Long and Happy Life." His conviction that this new novelist is superb is shared by Eudora Welty and Stephen Spender.

BENNETT CERF, at Random House, is rolling in an embarrassment of riches. They include: 1) A new Faulkner Book-of-the-Month Club selection, "The Receivers," which is reported to be very witty; 2) Emlyn Williams's autobiography, "George," another BOMC selection; 3) Stanley Wolpert's "Nine Hours to Rome," a Literary Guild selection; 4) a new Michener in late fall; and 5) a new O'Hara in early summer.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1450)

KURT W. MAREK:
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Manhattan will soon become a polychromatic city. Colored glass and metal provide the décor of the new skyscrapers. And here we can only wonder: Why, actually, did skyscrapers have to be predominantly gray for more than sixty years?

Offhand

NONVIOLENCE means faith in the Word, or simply: Faith. Nonviolent action presupposes violent speech and open covenants, openly arrived at. Silence and secrecy are the enemies. Where debate stops, there begins fight. Words heal, silence infects. Silent inaction means apathy. It shows interest in nothing.

✓ ✓ ✓

ON INDIA AND GOA: We may not know what it means to follow Gandhi, but we know what it means to go the other way, because we are not quite as stupid as we would so much want to be on this occasion. "*Paris vaut bien une messe,*" said Henri de Navarre when he turned Catholic to succeed the Valois. A Principle may well be worth a Province, Mr. Nehru.

✓ ✓ ✓

SALAZAR CANNOT lose our respect: he never had it. No distinction for him, this. No modern statesman has it: not one of them stands on a rock. They have the privilege of levity and mobility: their "philosophy" is worthless and we know it.

✓ ✓ ✓

PEDESTALS ARE no stilts. They do limit your moves: you can go far on them only by staying put. But you can never eat your pedestal and have it.

✓ ✓ ✓

WHETHER THREE OR THREE MILLION Indians died in Goa is of no interest. Lives are worthless today: we know that, too. One million lives were saved in Hiroshima. Khrushchev is a Life Saver. So is the Father of the Hydrogen Bomb. But who can take them seriously, those fools? We did take Nehru seriously because nonviolence is a serious philosophy and a clever political technique which Gandhi tried successfully and which is bound to win. But Nehru has abandoned it.

✓ ✓ ✓

OF COURSE Nehru will continue to be infinitely better than all his opponents, but we will wish to spare him further proofs while we welcomed them before. Should he suffer defeat, a politician will have suffered defeat. Should he be lost, it will be a great misfortune, not a Triumph-through-Death. There is a difference between the traffic accidents of history and the Destiny of Witnesses. —NICCOLO TUCCI.

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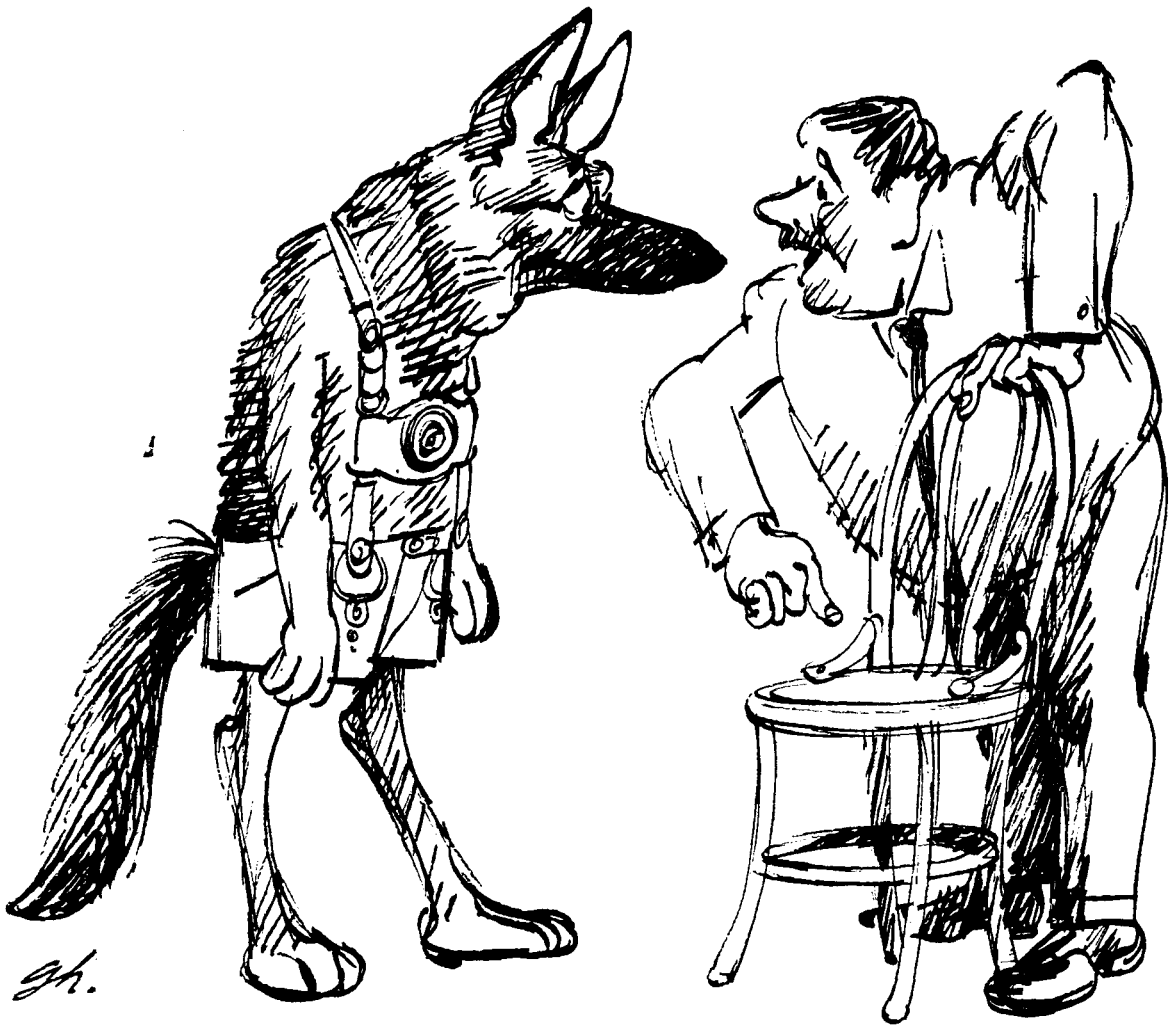

A MAN'S BEST FREUND IS HIS DEUTSCH

The man sat across the desk from us looking tired and embarrassed. We asked him what Berlitz could do for him, and he answered in a hoarse voice.

"Well, I don't know quite how to say it. I mean, I have a sort of special problem and I need a special teacher."

We assured him that at Berlitz, instructors were special.

"Well, what I need to learn is German. But I've got to have an instructor who loves dogs. Otherwise, he won't understand. I mean, I'd feel silly." We explained that, by nature, all Berlitz instructors were kindly, understanding people and that we were sure that by going through our personnel files we could find a German instructor who was more than fond of dogs. He then explained his reasons.

He had a son in the army who was stationed in Germany. While there, the boy found a beautiful German Shepherd for sale. It was a big, lovable, friendly dog, and laid claim to being a genius of the canine world. As the boy wrote his father, "Fritz understands over 250 commands. And since I know how much you love dogs I am having him shipped to you."

So it was that Fritz arrived in his crate one peaceful noontide in Baltimore. But alas, all was not peaceful for long. Soon shouts of, "sit, lie down, get up, go out, fetch, come here" could be heard booming from the house. Fritz sat and watched, and wagged his tail. Obviously his son had been taken and Fritz was one very dumb dog.

Suddenly it came to him. Perhaps Fritz only understood German. He decided to try his limited German vocabulary on Fritz. "*Ya, nein, Ich Liebe Dich,*" he said. Fritz, hearing the sounds of the fatherland, came over to his new master and licked his face and hands. "*Ich Liebe Dich, Ich Liebe Dich.*" It was soon obvious that the vocabulary would have to increase.

And so he came to Berlitz. We assured him that we could help, and after going through our files, we found a young instructor who not only was an excellent German instructor but who raised German Shepherds as an avocation. Now Fritz understands every word his master says. And, in canine appreciation, is even picking up a little English. He will probably be the only bi-lingual German Shepherd in Baltimore.

The above story is true. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off. This is true whether you're a businessman, a dog owner, or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages, and across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

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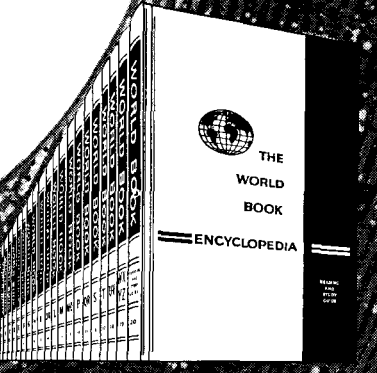

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Saturday Review

JANUARY 20, 1962

What Modern Writers Forget

By STEPHEN SPENDER, *English poet and critic, and, since 1953, co-editor of the magazine Encounter.*

"THE MODERN movement is past history." This sentence could appear in a literary magazine without fear of contradiction. But it would require a good deal of explanation and justification in an essay on modern art. In fact, to many people it might seem that modern painting is still developing. If one wrote it about music, it would be with a sense of dismay. But it remains true that the modern movement in literature has been buried almost with acclaim, and that the pallbearers are some of its early supporters, notably T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis, and Robert Graves.

Yet thirty and more years ago, modernism was a movement which knew no frontiers and which realized a harmony of all the arts. Its capitals were Paris, Munich, St. Petersburg, London, and New York, and its supporters spoke of a new style, completely modern, which embraced music, painting, architecture, and poetry, and which aimed at transforming cities and even machinery.

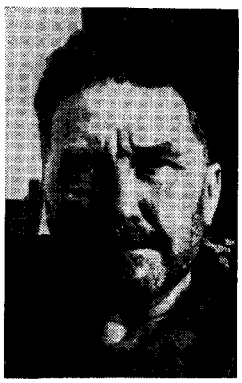
The general movement broke up for a good many reasons, some of them historic: wars, revolutions, and the deaths or dispersion of its leaders. But the literary part of it split off for a reason which is intrinsic to the art of writing, making it different from painting and music. The reason is that painting and music use media which are, to all intents and purposes, special to those arts. There is significance in the fact that when you want to paint a picture you buy paints, canvas, and brushes at a shop for artists' materials. Or did do so. Writers' words aren't poets' or novelists' materials. They are the words used by yourself and other people around you, and the words in books written by dead writers who were surrounded by contemporaries also talking in endless streams of words. There is no clear division between the language of literature and that of conscious life.

When a painter or composer wishes to create an entirely new art, he can, in addition to any other measures he takes, completely transform his material and even the instruments he uses. It may come as a shock if the painter switches from tempera to oils, from oils to Ripolin or plastics; or a composer from strings and brass to *musique concrète*. But the new media remain special to the art, not used with at all the same intention as painting a window or an automobile. They preserve as art their distance from any possible function they might have as utility. But if in stories or poems you give words a meaning quite different from their meaning in everyday conversation, you will very likely destroy the literary medium altogether. A poem made up of words that do not mean in the way that ordinary language means, is not a poem. It is something different, perhaps a painting in which words and typographical letters are being used instead of brushmarks. The moment it means nothing the poem becomes an object, a typographical design, something to be looked at, not to be read, which would make as much sense held upside down or sideways, as vertically.

So literature is, by virtue of the material writers use, the most conservative art. The writer lives in his medium as a fish lives in water. And in this very muddied water which is the language in which today we all swim and breathe, the writer who is a master of words—of his own words if not of those of others—has a divided mind. On the one hand, he belongs to a past which is language as it is used in the books he reads. On the other hand, he belongs to the present, which is language being used and spoken all round him, as yet unredeemed by its transformation into literature. There are, as it were, two samenesses. One same-

Out of nostalgia, a new vision.

James Joyce



Ezra Pound

T. S. Eliot

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ness is that of past literature which, to the writer, in an important sense remains contemporary, because the life that is Shakespeare or Dickens is the verbalization of life as it always is, but enclosed in the circumstances of a past time. The other sameness is that of the contemporary life which surrounds him, but which he may feel has been cheapened, vulgarized by the commercialization and politicization of language. Past life, considered simply as living, equates with life at all times, including the present one. But some times are much more favorable than others to the literary artist who, living in his own time, is trying to relate contemporary life to the metaphors and stories of life at all times.

The rise and fall of the modern literary movement—and indeed the multiplication of modern movements—is due to the writer's being pulled in two directions when he comes to realize what it means to belong to a tradition, and yet to be set down in untraditional circumstances. The pull in one direction tells him that what is most important for the poet is to belong to the body of past literature. The pull in the other direction is from contemporary life, claiming that if the line of the tradition has been cut, then tradition is death, and the present, only the present, is life; so that he should forget about the past and be absolutely modern. This is the pull that led to the various modern experiments in literature, and the alliance of poets with the artists of the modern movement.

The pull in the direction of the past is caused by what I have described as the special circumstances of literature. The writer cannot express a new world in a new art with an entirely new medium. He has to use words. He has to use the language of today to invent today, and this is a soiled medium. And it can only be cleansed by going back into the past and, in modern works, bringing language as it was used in the past into a vital relation with modern language in modern work that portrays the present.

This is the famous dilemma of the modern writer: that he belongs, for his values and in tradition, to the past, and at the same time belongs, for his subject matter, his surrounding life, to the present.

Hence there arises that characteristic monstrosity of modern literature, that centaur with the head of a philosopher and the hooves of Pan—the critic-poet. With his analytically intelligent head he has to comprehend his time, measure it, and at the same time cast a backward glance at history. With his hooves he has to be primordially of past time trampling upon this time. There is a tendency in him to split apart and become dithyrambic poet—Dylan Thomas—or pure critic—R. P. Blackmur.

While more aware than most people of the nature of the contemporary world, writers, especially poets, are also to a very especial degree aware of not being contemporaries. Poetry uses language to convey experiences very directly, as from person to person. More than any other art, it communicates the basic experiences of living and feeling. Experience of living is dateless, circumstances are dated, language dates but little. Therefore poetry has an air of timelessness. A poet lives in two kinds of conversation, that of his contemporaries, and that of past voices, dead poets speaking the language of the past.

A POET not only feels that he belongs to the company of those whose conversation is poetry, but he may envy them the culture which made them happier than he feels in the age of mass-cult and advertising. Hence the paradox of the extraordinary hatred of modern life which is characteristic of the writing which at the same time is itself modern. Of course, all modern art shows a certain ambivalence toward modern life. Picasso's paintings are scarcely an advertisement for the values of a society which produces his women wearing hats that are fishheads. One rather assumes that what is grating about the works of Schoenberg is not the music itself, which is beautiful, but the ugly surrounding world which is present in the music. But modern painting and music also seem expressive of a vision which is the result of being modern. One can rejoice that one lives in an age where it is possible to hear the extraordinary sounds invented by Schoenberg or Stravinsky. No one rejoices because circumstances have made it possible to share the revelation of "Ulysses" or "The Waste Land," or the Cantos. All these works employ a modern idiom not as a great possibility of the age but simply to express its squalor and destructiveness.

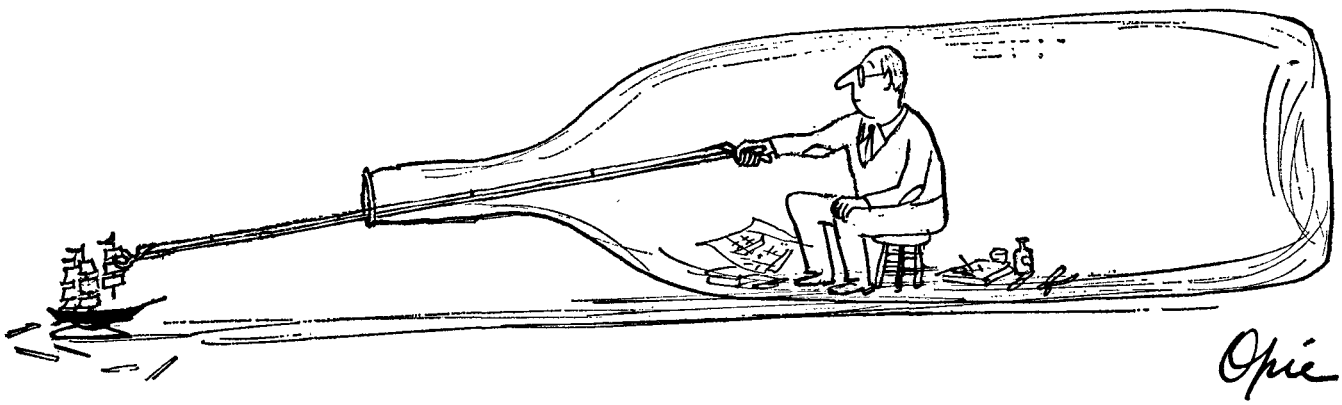
Although the idiom of Eliot and Joyce is as modern as the music of Stravinsky or the painting of Picasso, their vision is directed entirely toward the past. "Ulysses" is based on a parallel between the Odyssean Mediterranean and twentieth-century Dublin. However fascinated one is by the modern night-town, the only conclusion one can draw is that the world of the "Odyssey" is infinitely preferable. The contrast between the disrupted hideous present and the visionary England of Elizabethan history is the evidence of "The Waste Land":

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
  Weialala leia
  Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars

The stern was formed
A gilded shell
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
Southwest wind
Carried down stream
The peal of bells
  White towers
    Weialala leia
    Wallala leialala

Poets learned a modern language, invented a modern idiom, in order to



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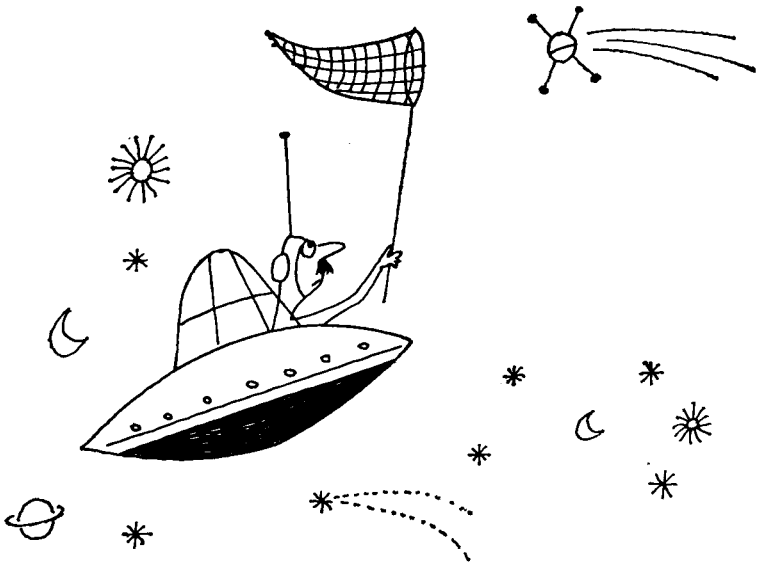
express an extreme hatred for the modern world, an overwhelming nostalgia for the past.

Nostalgia and hatred are aspects of the modern literary movement which have a long history. They provide the connecting link between Eliot and Pound with the 1890s esthetes and, beyond them, with Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris. The passage in the "Fire Sermon" in which Eliot parallels the Thames near London as it is today with the Thames evoked by Spenser's "Prothalamion" employs a method of contrast between past and present which Ruskin saw with his own eyes and which is literally applied in his lecture on modern manufacture and design:

> Just outside the town I came upon an English cottage, or mansion, I hardly know which to call it, set close under the hill, and beside the river, perhaps built somewhere in the Charles's times, with mullioned windows and a low arched porch; round which, in the little triangular garden, one can imagine the family as they used to sit in old summer times, the ripple of the river heard faintly through the sweetbriar hedge, and the sheep on the far-off wolds shining in the evening sunlight. There, uninhabited for many and many a year, it had been left in unregarded havoc of ruin; the garden gate still hung loose to its latch; the garden, blighted utterly into a field of ashes, not even a weed taking root there; the roof torn into shapeless rents; the shutters hanging about the windows in rags of rotten wood; before its gate, the stream which had gladdened it now soaking slowly by, black as ebony and thick with curdling scum; the bank above it trodden into unctuous sooty slime: far in front of it, between, between it and the old hills, the furnaces of the city foaming forth perpetual plague of sulphurous darkness; the volumes of their storm clouds coiling low over a waste of grassless fields, fenced from each other, not by hedges, but by slabs of square stone, like gravestones, riveted together with iron.

Here, what in Eliot, Joyce, and Pound is a contrived method of conscious juxtaposition of contrasted nostalgic past and hideous present, is the writer's direct experience.

Victorian nostalgia of this kind was tempered with reformist passion, or with social optimism; it did not take the twentieth-century form of utter hatred for the present, and contempt for progress. Such nostalgia gives rise to a desire to reconcile the beauty of the past with the improvements of the present: hence Ruskin's teaching art to men at working-class colleges, Morris's manufacture of furniture and fabrics, and Matthew Arnold's polemics against



the industrialists—whom nevertheless, as a liberal and progressive, he supported in politics. The Victorians were sentimentally and esthetically, in their various ways, medievalists. They wanted to plan for a future which got back to a period of monkish living, handicrafts, Gothic architecture, castle keeps.

The literary modernists of the twentieth century, often American expatriates coming to Europe in the search for values, and finding "an old bitch gone in the teeth" and "two thousand battered books," did not direct their nostalgia toward a sentimentalized picture of Catholic medieval Europe, as Belloc and Chesterton, the caricaturish descendants of Carlyle and Ruskin, were still doing. Their nostalgia is toward whatever past can be contrasted favorably with the present. There is no question with them that part of the past can be recovered within a reformist future—unless, perhaps, Ezra Pound saw in Mussolini a figure redeeming a certain amount of Roman glory. In Eliot the past is at certain points ("Little Gidding," "Burnt Norton," etc.) an area inhabited by those who were rooted in it; the present is inhabited by people who are ghosts, men of straw, cut off. We contemporaries are, as it were, condemned to be ghosts, because we live in the world of industrialism and fragmented values: and if we know in our hearts that we stand outside the present, feed with passion upon images of past history, then we are still ghosts, haunting the past and knowing that we are unreal in the present, differing from our contemporaries only in being more self-aware.

What I have written here may seem an attack on nostalgia, but paradoxically, I think that in some ways, though not in all, nostalgia has been one of the most productive and even progressive forces in modern literature. Nostalgia of the kind which was excited in the minds of a good many Europeans during the nineteenth century, and then transmitted to some Americans in this, is a demonic force, driving its victims on from one position to another. To be sufficiently aware of the past is to be aware of the present; for nostalgic images are vivid by contrast. Passion for the past is a kind of spiritual homesickness contrasting these gray walls with that bright South. The Mediterranean represents the nostalgia of civilization.

THE driving force within nostalgia is that it is a passion which must be constantly correcting itself, and I think that this correcting process has contributed to the demonic force of certain modern writers. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris hated industrialism and tried to reconcile social reform and progress with a medievalist revival. This was not an ignoble aim but it was unreal toward both past and present. The esthetic movement of the 1890s was a much more sophisticated and spiritual nostalgia, because it yearned for Renaissance genius, art, and ideals, not for the stage settings and handicrafts of a past period. The weakness of the esthetes was that the disdain of their pose in the face of their public was not matched by any sense of proportion about themselves. There was something ludicrous about superior, languid, effete Paters and Wildes identifying themselves with the ancient Greeks and with Michelangelo. Pound and Eliot provided their own nostalgia with the most powerful defense of all: elaborate irony directed at a persona in the poetry which could be identified with the poet himself (e.g., "Prufrock," "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley"). What this irony accomplished was more than to put the poet in the position of one who mocks himself before the reader can

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Treachery and the Teacher

By Granville Hicks

LAST fall *The New Yorker* devoted a large part of an issue to a novelette by Muriel Spark, **"The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie."** It has now been published in book form (Lippincott, $3.95) with a little material—only one episode of any importance—that didn't appear in the magazine. I recommend it not only to those who missed it in *The New Yorker* but also to those who wearily pursued it through a hundred pages or so of advertising matter. This is the way to read the story.

Miss Spark has been bringing out one book after another in the past five years, and with each her reputation has increased. She has proved herself to be highly talented and remarkably versatile. Reviewers have compared her with Evelyn Waugh, Henry Green, Iris Murdoch, and other contemporaries, but the resemblances are slight. She goes her own way, and a fascinating way it is.

"The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" is about a schoolteacher and her six favorite pupils. The story covers a period of eight or nine years in the Thirties, the years during which the six are enrolled in the Marcia Blaine School for Girls in Edinburgh, the years that Miss Brodie thinks of as her prime. Within those years Miss Spark moves backwards and forwards with what appears to be perfect casualness. She also sweeps far ahead, so that we can know what happened to the girls and what they came to think about Miss Brodie and her influence upon them. Yet what seems to be artlessness is in reality consummate art, for Miss Spark has found exactly the form that does most for the story. In her earlier books she often shows great audacity in the handling both of time sequences and of points of view, but she has never carried off her highhandedness with such grace as here.

Because of her way of leaping ahead in time, she makes us think that she is telling us more than we ought to know. For instance, early in the book we are told about one of the girls, Eunice, "twenty-eight years after [she] did the splits in Miss Brodie's flat." She is talking to her husband about her old teacher: "Her retirement was rather a tragedy, she was forced to retire before time. The head never liked her. There's a long story attached to Miss Brodie's retirement. She was betrayed by one of her own girls, we were called the Brodie set. I never found out which one betrayed her." The reader, however, discovers not many pages further on that Sandy Stranger was the traitor. So we know how the book is coming out, and yet we don't know, for the focus of interest is why Sandy does whatever she does.

—*Walter Bird.*

Muriel Spark

The revelation of Sandy's motives is one of Miss Spark's happiest explorations of the mysterious complexities of human behavior. Miss Brodie's love life, which she talks about to her girls in hints that are not overly discreet, is an extraordinary affair, and Sandy's involvement in it is extraordinary too. At one point, late in the book, the reader thinks he knows exactly why Sandy gave the fatal information to the headmistress.

BUT the motivation is more complicated than one at first assumes. As a mature woman, a nun, the author of a much discussed book on "The Transfiguration of the Commonplace," Sandy, talking with another member of the Brodie set, says, "It's only possible to betray where loyalty is due." "Well, wasn't it due to Miss Brodie?" the other asks, and Sandy replies, "Only up to a point." That point, the point of disillusionment, is what one has to determine. Apparently Sandy has come to believe, in the period before the betrayal, that Miss Brodie is a kind of Calvinist in reverse: she has "elected herself to grace." "She thinks she is Providence, thought Sandy, she thinks she is the God of Calvin, she sees the beginning and the end." All this is closely related to Sandy's conversion to Catholicism, which happens by way of her lover. ("She left the man and took his religion and became a nun in the course of time.")

Miss Spark is herself a convert to Catholicism, and her religion makes itself felt in almost everything she has written. She is a gloomy Catholic, like Graham Greene and Flannery O'Connor, more concerned with the evil of man than with the goodness of God. The greedy old men and women in "Memento Mori," the assorted charlatans in "The Bachelors" and "The Comforters" and "Robinson," the fatuous and ineffectual people in all the books—it is about such as these that she writes best.

She does not take it for granted that all Catholics are good; on the contrary, some of her least attractive characters are Catholics; but it is true that almost all her admirable characters are of that faith. Jean Taylor is the only one of the old people in "Memento Mori" whom one can respect. Caroline Rose in "The Comforters," January Marlow in "Robinson," and Ronald Bridges in "The Bachelors" make at least some effort to struggle against their sinful impulses, and one feels that whatever is good in them can be attributed to their Catholicism.

I AM not altogether clear about Miss Spark's assumptions; I am not sure, for instance, whether or not she expects the reader to accept the supernatural elements to be found in several novels and short stories. I am sure that her Catholicism has permitted her to organize her insights into human conduct. To put it crudely, she can bear to contemplate the evil and folly in the world because she has a religion that takes evil and folly for granted. Because she has faith in heaven, she can look calmly at the hell around her.

She is one of the most knowing of contemporary writers. In reading "Memento Mori" one can only marvel at her familiarity with the ways of the aged. In "The Bachelors" she writes about spiritualism as if she had spent half her life at seances. She invents a plausible scheme for the smuggling of diamonds in "The Comforters," describes life on a desert island in "Robinson," makes fun of business management in "The Ballad of Peckham Rye." She is, in a strict sense, an otherworldly writer, but it is her astonishing familiarity with this world that gives substance to her novels.

"The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" makes a good introduction to Miss Spark's work, for it is the most nearly genial of her novels. At least at the outset Miss Brodie and her chosen six compose a charming picture, and if one comes to feel, with Sandy, that Miss Brodie is a ridiculous figure, one has to admit, as Sandy does, that her influence was strong and enduring and at least in part beneficial. For the rest, the book is admirably written, beautifully constructed, extremely amusing, and deeply serious—and that is the kind of novelist Miss Spark is.

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Mood of a Nation Under Mao

By C. T. Hu, *associate professor, Teachers College, Columbia University, co-author of "China, Its People, Its Society, Its Culture."*

TO MANY people in the United States the recent successful blocking of Communist China from the halls of the United Nations must have come as gratifying news. Once more the men of Peking, committed as they are to the unrestrained use of power and ideology, were denied a legal and honorable place in the family of nations. Yet, there is no gainsaying that admission to the United Nations is but one aspect of a much larger "China problem," one that will most certainly intensify in the years ahead. For, whatever the decision with respect to the U.N., the shadow of the Communist colossus is lengthening. With each passing year the continued existence of a dynamic, aggressive, and self-righteous China presents additional problems to the world at large and to the United States in particular. And as the problem increases in magnitude and gravity, the need for better understanding of its nature and implications becomes greater.

In view of this need, the publication of the following five books is indeed a welcome event: **"Portrait of a Revolutionary,"** by Robert Payne (Abelard-Schuman, $5); **"Mao Tse-tung on Guerrilla Warfare,"** translated by Samuel B. Griffith (Praeger, $4.50); **"Hurricane from China,"** by Denis Warner (Macmillan, $3.95); **"China and Her Shadow,"** by Tibor Mende (Coward-McCann, $5), and **"China in the Morning,"** by Nicholas Wollaston (Roy, $5.95).

Broadly speaking, the authors of these works have dealt with three fundamental and interrelated questions arising from the Communist accession to power in China: The first is how and why the Communist conquest came to pass in a country that had long been regarded as timeless and immutable, so tradition-bound and antithetic to heresy as to make the very concept of Communism unreal. The second question concerns the manner in which the transformation of one fifth of mankind is pursued under Communist direction; in other words, what have the Communists been doing during the past twelve years, how do they go about it, and for what purpose? Lastly, on the basis of what is known about the domestic developments in China, what are the implications for the rest of the world? To varying degrees, the authors have addressed themselves to all three aspects of the China question or are at least equally aware of its ramifications. The men differ, however, in emphasis.

—*Eastfoto.*

Mao Tse-tung—1,000 men, 200 rifles, and a plan . . .

Mr. Payne, whose versatility and perception concerning things Chinese are well known and admired, has chosen to bring one of his earlier works up to date. The picture of Mao Tse-tung is an artist's attempt at tracing the now almost legendary career of the father-figure of the Chinese Communist movement, painted against the checkered background of modern Chinese history. Supplied with new information on Mao's earlier life and his record during the past decade, Mr. Payne has reconstructed one of the most moving and perhaps most tragic scenes of human drama, in which Mao played the dominant role and emerged triumphant. Despite minor historical inexactitudes and some interpretations that are open to debate, it is an exciting story well told.

The portrait shows, with inimitable vividness, the qualities that have combined to make Mao, even at times of utmost adversity, the master of all situations. His orthodoxy and heterodoxy, coolness and emotionalism, firmness and flexibility are not so much inner contradictions as signs of his ability to adapt to the demands of a given situation—Mao calls it dialectics—reinforced at all times by his determination to bring about change and his faith in the common people, on whose back he rode to unlimited power. In seeking to explain the causes responsible for the Communist movement's victory by analyzing the attributes of its leader, Mr. Payne has not lost sight of the larger forces at work in China, although his portrayal of Mao's arch adversary in the early 1930s tends to be somewhat harsh.

Much has been said about Mao's military genius in perfecting the art of guerrilla warfare, but it takes a Mr. Payne to show lucidly how it was waged in true Chinese settings. What Mao has to say about guerrilla warfare as a major means of armed insurrection has had significant international repercussions. The story of Indo-China, Malaya, the Philippines, and more recently Cuba, Laos, and Vietnam is too well known to require comment. In the present world context General Griffith's translation of Mao's essay on guerrilla warfare is a timely and important contribution. It is not only valuable to those interested in the military aspect of the world struggle, for this form of military operation is inseparably tied up with politics. To quote Mao: "Without a political goal, guerrilla warfare must fail, as it must if its political objectives do not coincide with the aspirations of the people and their sympathy, cooperation, and assistance cannot be gained." A real challenge comes from Mao's dictum that counterrevolutionary guerrilla warfare is impossible, and it is in recognition of this challenge that General Griffith stresses the urgency of removing revolutionary situations in potentially explosive areas. "If historical experience teaches us anything about revolutionary guerrilla war," he says in his Introduction, "it is that military measures alone will not suffice."

In "Hurricane from China" Mr. Warner, an astute Australian journalist, further develops this theme by reminding us:

> A thousand men, two hundred rifles and a vision of how to win China was all Mao Tse-tung had when he arrived on Chingkangshan thirty-four years ago. Today he guides a nation of 670 million. He has conquered

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China. Now he looks for world victory. His base is strong and growing stronger; his disciples have inherited much of his dedication; and he works in fields that are frequently receptive to his missionary endeavors.

These are words of foreboding from a man who knows the Asian scene exceedingly well. Convinced of Mao's sense of dedication and missionary zeal, he has sounded the hurricane warning for the world, yet it is not delivered in the spirit of the alarmist. Nor is he alone in so assessing the internal development and international posture of China, because on all essential points he seems to have the concurrence of Tibor Mende, whose "China and Her Shadow" bears the marks of a first-rate political analyst and is by far the most important book in the group. Both have addressed themselves to the problem of China's metamorphosis. While they find the Chinese totalitarian monolith distasteful and in certain respects insulting to human intelligence, they are equally impressed with the singleness of purpose of the Chinese nation under Mao, the self-assurance, the frantic activities, and, above all, the real gains on various fronts. Mr. Mende has, moreover, cast the shadow of China today against the shadow of China's past:

> In Communist doctrine the millennial Chinese craving for ordered and imposed uniformity appeared to have found its infallible guide . . . After chaos, rigidity, decadence and humiliation, the need was once again felt for an orthodox philosophy able to harmonize thought and action in the service of contemporary ambitions. The traditional, messianic urge towards Universal Order was offered satisfaction in the broad unity of a philosophy applicable to all mankind.

It is, therefore, the ideological messianism of the Chinese version of Communism that portends the future struggle in Asia. By thoroughly studying China's pattern of organization, political control, economic growth, and conduct of foreign affairs, Mr. Mende has tried to reveal the character of contemporary Chinese society and its meaning to the world; Mr. Warner has gone further in making concrete suggestions as to how the Chinese hurricane can best be met. He concludes his book with this sobering thought: "The long-term chances of succeeding are directly related to our ability to deny China the recruiting grounds for world revolution and Mao Tse-tung the opportunity to wage his last and greatest guerrilla war."

This is a formidable task, for after twelve years of Communist rule China has been changed beyond recognition, and, with her power growing, the ground on which she can be met by the West is fast shrinking. The fact that Mr. Mende's book was banned from a Moscow exhibit is indicative of the extent of Chinese self-righteousness, particularly to those who appreciate the author's effort to remain scrupulously objective and to avoid emotionalism.

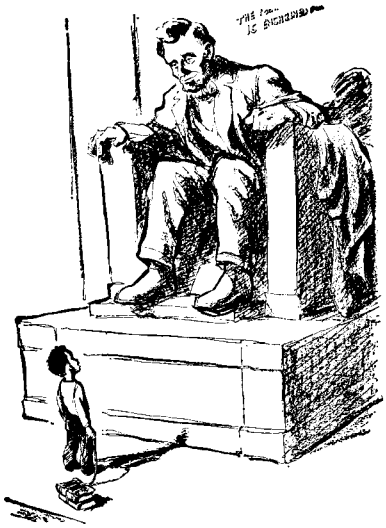
In this connection Mr. Wollaston's "China in the Morning" provides us with an almost tragically amusing account of his experience in China. One can readily sympathize with him for the many exasperating situations in which he too often found himself; perhaps one can even chuckle under his breath but for the knowledge that his Chinese hosts are deadly serious. China is their world and in that world things are done in precisely that way. Mr. Wollaston went to see China for himself, not to collect statistics. Consequently he has written an impressionist book, which includes also an account of his travels in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Leaving aside the contrast between them, which he has shown with boldness and subtlety, his summation of his moods while in China is worth pondering:

> Within a few days of arriving in China it had all seemed so simple. . . . But gradually, as I saw and learned and listened, the picture became more complicated, the details more contradictory. Through the weeks my mood had changed from admiration to apprehension to amusement to contempt to sympathy and back to admiration, and my impressions had altered following the changes of my mood.

The authors of these books, each in his own way, have shown us the mood of the Chinese nation under Mao. Inasmuch as Mao sees in the underdeveloped countries of Asia the China of yesterday and is determined to remake them in the image of China today, the challenge is too great to ignore.

THE GADFLY: "A cartoonist can't really be 'for' somebody," observes Bill Mauldin in his Foreword to **"What's Got *Your* Back Up?"** (Harper, $3.95). "Having used the cartoon as a device to get the reader's attention on a subject, it really doesn't matter whether we needle him, amuse him, or infuriate him. . . . Our particular society was founded on the idea that if enough people get interested in an issue, the majority will come up with the right answer most of the time. I like to think that's true." The 1958-61 cartoons collected in "What's Got *Your* Back Up?" appeared in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

"There is no Marx but Marx, and I am his prophet."



"Things are looking up a little this year, sir."

"No kidding—are you guys really volunteers?"

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Confrontation at the Shore Line

"A Holiday by the Sea," by Gerald Brenan *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 254 pp. $3.95), weaves an intricate and erotic web of human relations, with a primal element of nature serving as catalyst. Ihab Hassan is the author of "Radical Innocence."*

By Ihab Hassan

FOR SOME centuries now the novel has submitted with characteristic forbearance to changing theories of fiction, but it has always managed to instruct and entertain us all. Now in our anxious age the novel seems to have assumed a new responsibility; it has undertaken to lighten our guilt. This it does by mediating between the instincts of man and his civilization, and by indulging his better consciousness. Acquainted with violence from the start, the American novel grew in the shadows of life. The English novel has also become versed in the dark ways of the self.

Brenan's "A Holiday by the Sea" testifies to this fact. As an English novel it is naturally aware of certain social traditions, and a world of ideas that the characters can express mordantly if not always share. Moreover, besides being witty, the book is an intelligent and poetic work. Yet it is ultimately as perverse as only the self can be, and its hero, Tom Fisher, a writer who does not deign to publish, owes more to Dostoevsky's man from the underground than to any characters of Fielding or Dickens. But Fisher remains above all a latter-day Prufrock, egotist and self-hater.

This is a book rich and subtle in its texture, fluent in its emotional undertones. It is clearly dominated, however, by two forces that remain opposed. One is the consciousness of Fisher himself, acerb, lucid, and incestuous, encased in its own dreams and insufficiencies—a little grotesque, perhaps, like an Uncle Toby fetched down from the mantelpiece, or a fish flopping around in a mud pool. The other is the sea: primal, ubiquitous, changeful yet eternal, a healer of men and a destroyer. "Others, motionless for hours above the tide line, dreamed Aesculapian dreams of healing and fulfilment. But the eucharistic rite was immersion. Then, blinded by the waves and shivering from the cold, their guilt washed off them by the salt water, the communicants returned to put on their clothes at peace with themselves." If Fisher is the Self, the sea is the wholly Other.

Between them the flimsy, corrupt fabric of society, of language itself, lies. The plot of the novel takes its shape from the confrontation of various characters with the sea, and their return to their homes, changed or unchanged, healed or shattered. This is their sad holiday from the world, by the sea.

The web of human relations is intricate and erotic; the characters are mostly mad or shriveled. There is Fisher's half-sister, Dora, his first and perhaps only love; and there is her suicidal, schizophrenic husband, a Utopian Communist who resents the human race. There is Eleanor, an insane Venus, wrecker of lives, particularly her own. There are others, comic or pathetic people, deprived both of vitality and meaning. Their failures—and Fisher's is the most intriguing, the most ambiguous—are defined by the use they make of their seaside vacation.

If the novel seems finally more limited or elusive than it should be, that is, first, because its plot does not express or control the intentions of the author; and, second, because the characters seem too feeble to carry the burden of meaning imposed on them. For that meaning is nothing less than the dissolution of our world, apprehended by an aging man in those bleak years of the *entre guerre*. "Intelligence is a weapon of escape. Civilization began ten thousand years ago with estrangement from Nature and the sea is still too elemental not to produce in us upheavals of stupidity and fear." Brenan has written a charming and also profoundly intelligent novel on a major theme, but he has rendered it in a minor key.

Pundits on Stoops and Curbs

"Notes from a Dark Street," by Edward Adler *(Knopf. 219 pp. $2.95), presents a vivid array of jaunty lower East Side New York sages. Eugene Goodheart teaches literature at Bard College.*

By Eugene Goodheart

BEFORE we are aware of anything else in "Notes from a Dark Street" we are acutely conscious of its language. The old women of the lower East Side are "makeshift, amorphous, possessing no logic of genesis." One of the ladies is "acrackle with credulity." The hero and narrator, Barney Yago, is portrayed in a letter "under a tide of hyperbole." And in a description of Judge Merchant we get a pithy summation of the characteristic rhetorical effect of Mr. Adler's first novel: "Dapper, high collared, powerfully cuffed, he was given, in this day and age, to sleeve garters, to buttonhole sprouts and piped lapels, a magnifying glass on a ribbon, a platinum chain and pendant, Melachrinos, a snuffbox under a seal of justice . . . an Indian head on a quadrangular ring, fingernail moons and bayrum, tweed spats, etc." The catalogue is endless. The novel is an exhibition of rhetorical virtuosity. Unfortunately, Mr. Adler's technique is uncertain and his "notes"—to shift the metaphor for a moment—are played on an instrument badly out of tune.

The characters conform to a special type. They are all plagued by an incurable jauntiness, which immediately expresses itself in the curious speech of the novel. (The jauntiness, the eccentricity are particularly infelicitous because they are not animated by humor.) The Talmudic scholar who had suffered in Auschwitz, the indescribable Irish janitor, the owner of the iron-works plant speak the same language in the same tone of voice as if the supposed differences in temperament and background were outmoded conventions of characterization.

Nor is the "dark street" present in any significant way. The filth and reek of the street, the cramped apartments, the combustible atmosphere: they are finally irrelevant to the garrulousness of Mr. Adler's sages. And without exception his characters are sages. Baron, the ironmaster, exclaims with typical

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philosophical irrelevance: "Do you know what youth is? Panic and arrogance. That's all we ever get to know about being young. Panic and arrogance. Which is nothing." The novel tries unsuccessfully here and elsewhere for the note of pathos. From time to time there is an outcry of indignation about the inhumanity of the city; a Utopian plan is conceived to transform it into a human and natural place. But the indignation and the Utopian dream are without any genuine emotional resonance.

I have said nothing of the story, and indeed this is one of Mr. Adler's main troubles. He is still the novelist in search of a story (what we have here are notes), and until he finds the story that he must tell it is doubtful that we will get anything more from him than the rhetorical bric-a-brac or debris that he has given us in this novel. His information, acquired in various jobs as fur worker, technical writer, draftsman, grocer, etc., is considerable, but it doesn't become art until it has been animated by imagination. There is an occasional scene that almost makes it—for instance, the description of Helm teaching his dead son blade-grinding—but such scenes are the promise of something better than the novel offers.

DRIFTING INTO MURDER: Al Dewlen's **"Twilight of Honor"** ($4.95)—the January Book-of-the-Month-Club selection and a winner of the McGraw-Hill fiction prize—concerns the motel-murder of a solid citizen by an unsavory young drifter. The culprit is captured, "worked over" for a written confession, and duly subjected to the town's fury. Idealistic lawyer sides with the underdog and puts up the good fight.

Mr. Dewlen enriches the courtroom-fiction formula by injecting some eloquent asides on the grandeur and the meanness of the law, and by populating his court with colorful characters. These include a prosecutor of the boisterous brimstone school; a retired criminal lawyer of the Darrow stripe, who helps the defender with his strategy, and a judge who alternately dozes, peeks into the *National Geographic*, and makes disturbing extra-legal comments on the proceedings.

This well-plotted novel, with its many pages of staccato testimony, is in a class with that recent best-seller "Anatomy of a Murder." (It incidentally takes full advantage of the theory that crime is more deliciously criminal if there is plenty of sex.) The trial verdict strains my credulity a bit—but if I were bluntly challenged on that statement, I would have to admit that I have seen real juries behave just as capriciously as Mr. Dewlen's. —WALT MCCASLIN.

USA

The Vices of Our Virtues

"The Beer Can by the Highway: Essays on What's American About America," by John A. Kouwenhoven *(Doubleday. 242 pp. $4.50), finds much less either to deplore or applaud in the U.S. than most of the students of this country's gestalt. Sydney J. Harris writes a syndicated newspaper column and is the author of "Last Things First."*

By Sydney J. Harris

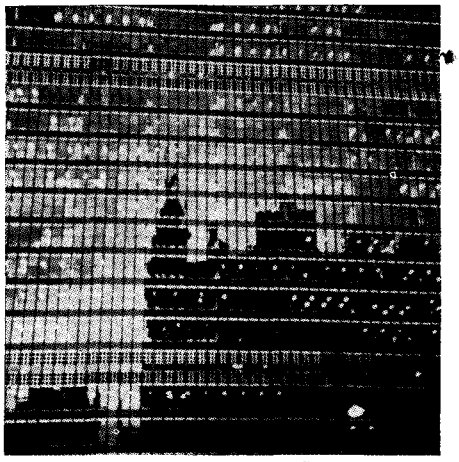
THIS is a pleasant, literate, lucid, and coolly written book, containing a number of detached insights that carry truth and conviction. It is also a rather unpleasant, middle-brow, confused, and argumentative book, containing a number of premises and conclusions that seem to me specious and false.

In a real sense, therefore, Mr. Kouwenhoven's light-fingered treatise on "what's American about America" suffers from all the ambiguities and paradoxes that are inherent in any treatment of the subject. For America itself is one vast ambiguity: proud and yet not secure, immensely prosperous but defacingly pockmarked with poverty and slums, inordinately patriotic and yet uncomfortably self-conscious about its identity and direction, generous and greedy, social-minded and anarchic, sentimental and cynical, wildly idealistic and coldly pragmatic.

This is only the latest in a spate of recent books trying to analyze, define, and place our peculiarly American *gestalt*—the phenomena of our television, advertising, automation, design, education, architecture, city planning, and our nervously introspective concern about them all.

Mr. Kouwenhoven, in this sometimes amusing and often pungent series of *aperçus*, finds much less to deplore in America than most of the professional deplorers, and a great deal less to applaud than the professional applauders. A cultural middle-of-the-roader, he seems somewhat proud of his inability to be as shocked as the deplorers or as self-deceived as the applauders.

He sees America as a "process," rather than as an artifact or an "immutable ideal." We are, to him, an "open-ended society," past, present, and future, and thus we display all the vices of our virtues. The social and economic "waste" (as well as the beer can by the highway) that the deplorers point to are calmly accepted by him as inevitable by-products of our commitment to democracy and our achievement of abundance.



—From the book.

Manhattan Skyline—ambiguities.

Perhaps because of his special interests, Mr. Kouwenhoven is most persuasive in his essays on architecture and design—fields in which I happen to agree that the American genius is preeminent. He refuses to become exercised about the tail-fins on cars, and carefully points out that the so-called "functional" in design is as much a psychological as a mechanical matter.

His forays into the dangerously booby-trapped terrain of television, advertising, and industrialization are not nearly so successful—but it would take a book nearly the length of his to refute his contention that what we are watching is a "free society" at work. Without enforced responsibility, "freedom" is simply a euphemism for the law of the jungle.

At any rate, "The Beer Can by the Highway" is a professionally put-together job by a man who knows what he wants to say, and knows how to say it—which is a comparatively rare publishing achievement these days. Our disagreements with his thesis may be many—too many to itemize in a review of limited space—but at least it has the virtue of stating its position in an intelligible manner that makes disagreement a pleasure rather than a burden.

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The Images Behind the Screen

"The Immediate Experience," by Robert Warshow *(Doubleday. 282 pp. $4.50), ranges the spectrum of American popular culture. Hollis Alpert is currently working on a book about motion pictures.*

By Hollis Alpert

ROBERT WARSHOW'S critical intelligence was of a very high order. Written mainly for *Commentary* and *Partisan Review*, his work at the time of his death in 1955 from a heart attack (he was thirty-seven) had gained him much attention. In "The Immediate Experience," a posthumous collection of his essays and reviews, we find that he was dealing more and more with the problems of the movies, and in this area he was a most unusual critic, ever eager to see behind the surface of the screen and to deal with essential meanings. His point of view was entirely intellectual: history, politics, society were not abstractions to him but vital concepts, and movies, whether he liked them or not, saw them as "good" or "bad," had for him something important to say about the culture that produced them.

Warshow was hoping at the time of his death to carry his researches further, and his application to the Guggenheim Foundation for aid is used as the preface to the collection. "The movies," he wrote, "and American movies in particular, stand at the center of that unresolved problem of 'popular culture' which has come to be a kind of nagging embarrassment to criticism. . . ." He expressed the hope that his own work would make some contribution to the "legitimatization" of the movies, that it would even develop "a kind of theory of the movies."

He had, of course, already begun to make his contribution. He had produced a searching analysis of the Western, and had probed deeply into the art of Chaplin. Suspicious of textbook eulogies of certain "classic" Russian films, he was particularly astute when it came to assessing the later work of Eisenstein, whom he regarded as "a skilled hack and a Philistine," whose film theorizing was "intolerable pedantry." His own theory, at a guess, seemed to be taking him close to the espousal of documentary realism.

The two most successful creations of the American film he found in the gangster and the Westerner; both, he felt, provided significant American images, the latter as the hero of a distinct form. "The fact," he wrote, "that the Westerner continues to hold our attention is evidence enough that, in his proper frame, he presents an image of personal nobility that is still real for us." But Warshow also saw the form heading for a decline. Though their very broadening of the genre, and their "estheticizing," such movies as "High Noon" and "Shane" tended to close off the possibilities of variation and development.

OTHER aspects of popular culture interested him, too, and he ranged over a spectrum that included the comics and the theatre. Dr. Frederic A. Wertham's worries about the effects of comic books he dismissed, and yet he had his own worries. Of our playwrights he considered Odets the most satisfying and Arthur Miller presumably the least. Miller, for him, was the all-too-fallible representative of the "liberal conscience," and it was with almost suspicious zest that he raked over "The Crucible." "What does Miller say when he speaks out?" Warshow asked. "Never mind. He speaks out."

He was unkind to E. B. White, perhaps because of an intellectual animus towards *The New Yorker*, and found him guilty of fuzzy thinking and graceful but windy rhetoric. The unkindness stems from the fact that Warshow was rather guilty himself of taking sentences from their context and then analyzing them as representative and typical of the whole. And his cruel essay on the death and last writings of the executed Rosenbergs show him to have had a vindictive streak, particularly when it came to Communists, always to his mind the arch enemy. He was out to destroy them on intellectual grounds, even though their absurdity was already plain enough. Warshow was prone towards a kind of criticism that was more politically than esthetically based.

He was not a witty writer. Whatever he treated was a serious matter to him, and therefore there was no lightness in his approach to what were more often than not light products. However, he did, in the main, manage to stay clear of the snobbish, coterie attitudes of some latter-day intellectuals who deigned to deal with film. In Robert Warshow's death we lost an American essayist of importance.

Universality of Uncle Sam

"The Dimensions of Liberty," by Oscar and Mary Handlin *(Harvard University Press. 162 pp. $3.75), investigates the vital problems of preserving freedom as they are revealed in the development of American democracy. Roger N. Baldwin is international affairs adviser to the American Civil Liberties Union.*

By Roger N. Baldwin

A UNIQUE historical study of liberty in America is under way at Harvard, started three years ago with grants from a few business concerns and foundations; its directors outline the project in this book. They raise and discuss historically the questions that the study proposes to answer. While they assert that "the preservation of liberty is the preeminent problem of our time," its obvious indivisibility from world forces is recognized only by a general reference to projected comparative studies of other countries, but without reference to a historical study of the many efforts in and out of the United Nations to lay the bases of universal liberties.

The authors justify the limitation of the study to the United States by stating that the problem can best be understood through observing the people of a "single nation of dissimilar origins acting together under dissimilar conditions." It is hoped that this experience may yield conclusions of universal application.

But the American experience, on the evidence presented in this book, would appear to have a very limited relevance to other countries. Two major studies, among others to be made, cover the role of voluntary associations and of social mobility, a historically neglected area in the United States; but these factors are either lacking or little developed elsewhere. The studies of

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power and consent of the governed promise a wider pertinence.

The synthesis of the studies, say the authors, is to be found in a single subject, "the way in which men pursued their hopes for achievement by cooperating voluntarily or by consenting to be governed." Of the nine propositions which are to be examined under that single concept five deal with the problems of power, two with voluntary association, and two with social mobility. The questions they raise range from the relationship between political liberty and the economic system, and the role of the state as arbiter, to the effects of the welfare state on freedom.

The authors make no commitments; they do not know yet whether the evidence shows that liberty in the United States "has waxed or waned." They have scrutinized all the published material and identified the gaps—most usefully, it appears, in the areas of voluntary associations and social mobility, both of which offer individuals wide choices and expressions of personal power. Recognizing the conflicts, confusions, and changes that have marked the years since the Second World War, the authors regard them only as presenting continuing uncertainties in the relations between the state, power, and the individual.

There can be no doubt of the great value of this research to an understanding of the complexities of American democracy. It probes more deeply, for example, than the studies undertaken by the Fund for the Republic into democratic institutions.

But the area of study, valuable within its limitations, seems to ignore important influences essential to a total picture of the elements of liberty. The role of the mass media in promoting conformity and discouraging dissent is barely mentioned. If courage to dissent is an essential element of freedom, it gets no attention. The impact of war, hot and cold, in throwing the whole nation off balance is not appraised. Communism as the root of fear and repression is ignored. The liberties of racial minorities are but lightly touched upon.

If it is contended that the study as presented is broad enough for the practical limits of a single academic project, it should be evident also that the answers to its questions will fall far short of a guide to the preservation of liberty. The lack of guidance will be the more apparent as the United States is affected increasingly by the struggle in the world between conflicting concepts and practices of what passes for liberty, and even more by the necessity of reaching a universal synthesis in which the American experience may play less than a major part.

PERSONAL HISTORY

He Had a Recovery Scheme

"Stormy Passage," by W. S. Woytinsky *(Vanguard. 535 pp. $10), reviews the action-packed life of a noted economist who was also a pre-Bolshevik revolutionary leader. Bruno R. Neumann is a German-born economist, writer, and editor.*

By Bruno R. Neumann

"IT WAS on December 4, 1905, that I first realized I must write down my experiences, without delay, before my recollection faded." With these words, referring to his first prison term at the age of twenty, Wladimir S. Woytinsky opens his extraordinary story, and gives an inkling of the unfailing self-discipline and capacity for work that become increasingly evident as his memoir unfolds. His is a sourcebook on many of the social and political events since the turn of the century.

Most people familiar with his work think of Woytinsky primarily as the author of two formidable books on economic statistics, "The World in Figures" and "World Population and Production." Few are aware that he was a veritable revolutionary powerhouse in pre-Bolshevist Russia. Fewer still know that some of his experiences might be cited as examples of how to remain sane and human in the face of bestiality.

The son of a mathematics professor in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Woytinsky was a mathematical prodigy, and began tutoring in geometry and physics at the age of sixteen; before he had finished high school he had written and published a book on economic theory. His first year at the university marked his emergence as a revolutionary organizer and journalist. He did his share in the revolution of 1905; he met and cautiously appraised Lenin; and he demonstrated his political fervor clearly enough to be sent to one of the Czar's most atrocious prisons and later to Siberia. A time would come when he would look back on Siberia with nostalgia. There he was able to resume his studies and writings and to explore part of the virgin country, and there he met and married the daughter of a Trans-Siberian Railroad contractor.

In 1917, when Russia's defenses against the Germans crumbled and the Czarist empire collapsed, Woytinsky rushed back with his wife to his old haunts on the Neva. It now became his job to restore discipline among the troops on the northern front and to cope with Lenin's "peace at any price" propaganda.

Being too politically mature to accept a post offered by the victorious Lenin, the Woytinskys escaped to Tiflis, then went to Rome to represent the Republic of Georgia in trade negotiations with Italy. When Georgia was swallowed up by the Soviet Union, and Italy succumbed to Mussolini, they moved on to Germany. There they completed "The World in Figures," an instant success which led to Woytinsky's appointment as economist at the German trade union headquarters. While more and more plants were being left idle in the 1929-32 depression, Woytinsky developed a recovery scheme that included the principal features of what are now generally accepted anti-depression policies. But, since his proposals involved government spending, they were frowned upon by the inflation-shy Social-Democratic leaders.

WITH the advent of Hitler, the Woytinskys resumed their dreary travels. After trying Switzerland and France, where they could find no means of livelihood aside from corrupt journalism, they finally embarked for the United States. Emma Woytinsky had always wanted to move to the New World, but her husband had resisted because of the necessity to learn to think and write in yet another language.

During his last twenty-five years (he died in 1960 at the age of seventy-five) Woytinsky wrote, lectured, and did research in America. He also drew some conclusions about his adopted country that should be of more than passing interest to those who believe that the green pastures of culture lie elsewhere.

People who are troubled by the problems of the cold war and the space age, existing from one payday to the next under the pressure of debt, and suffering a sense of futility, may think that Woytinsky has little of value to say to them. They could not be more grievously mistaken. For his book is a heroic tale of zest for life and stubborn courage in an age of turmoil.

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The Little Corporal's Stepchild

"Daughter to Napoleon: A Biography of Hortense, Queen of Holland," by Constance Wright *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 405 pp. $6.50), gallops through the turbulent years of Bonaparte and the First French Empire. Robert Halsband wrote "The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."*

By Robert Halsband

THIS book's title page requires two qualifications: its subject was Napoleon's *step*daughter, and, although it is true that she was Queen of Holland, she ruled (so to speak) for only four years, an inconsequential period of her life, described here in fifteen pages. Still, it was her relationship to Napoleon that pushed her onto the stage of Europe to play out a drama of unalloyed suspense.

Born six years before the French Revolution, Hortense was the daughter of an aristocrat who joined the revolutionists but was guillotined in the Reign of Terror. Her beautiful and charming mother, Joséphine de Beauharnais, consoled her widowhood as best she could until she met the young, awkward General Bonaparte and conquered him. They were married before he went off to his campaign in Italy. Henceforth the lives of Hortense and her brother were closely intertwined with the fate of Napoleon and his family.

Since he was obsessed with dynastic ambitions—placing members of his family on thrones as though Europe were his private chessboard—Napoleon arranged for Hortense to marry his brother Louis, an intelligent man seriously crippled by neurotic drives. Both did their duty, and Hortense bore Louis three sons whom their childless uncle considered his heirs. (The youngest, in fact, became Napoleon III.) Later, however, wanting a more direct successor, Napoleon divorced Joséphine, by then his empress-consort, to marry the daughter of the Austrian emperor, by whom he had a son in due course. But Hortense remained an important member of his family. She had her own share of private adventure, including a legal separation from her husband and an enduring but fitful love affair which resulted in an illegitimate child. The collapse of the empire forced her into exile, and she wandered through Europe in search of peace and health, dying in Switzerland sixteen years after Napoleon's death in a remoter exile.

What a rich mine of material there is in these people and their turbulent times! It would be difficult to think of any kind of human excitement that is not abundantly present. The biographer is also fortunate in having so full a record, particularly in memoirs and letters, of the leading actors in the drama. Whatever it is not, this biography is good, galloping reading.

As an epigraph to her book Miss Wright prints a luminous quotation from G. M. Trevelyan, the historian, that "the poetry of history does not consist of imagination roaming at large, but of imagination pursuing the fact and fastening upon it." Although this biography is historically factual, it is so thickly strewn with the clichés of romantic fiction—particularly in the frequent passages of dialogue—that one wonders how much of the detail is fact and how much imagination. In her Foreword Miss Wright claims that "most of the conversation" quoted is translated from Hortense's own words recorded in her memoirs. But a great deal of conversation is given that does not come from the memoirs. The book's style at its best is flat; at its worst it commits such sentences as, "In the spring of 1833, young Louis was twenty-five, an overripe age in a family geared to early matings." Or this: "Louis, hot-eyed, devoured her nakedness." How Trevelyan would gulp at that!

—From the book.

Hortense: Trevelyan would have gulped.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWO-FACED WORDS

Listed below by Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, are some rather odd pairs of definitions; in each case one word fits both definitions. (Example: *wise man; spice plant* would be SAGE.) Answers on page 34.

1. skin blemish; small animal _____
2. cropped haircut; roofing material _____
3. creamy soup; tennis term _____
4. bird; flag material _____
5. U.S. coins; place of abode _____
6. both a custom and a costume _____
7. tined implement; roué _____
8. bird; chess piece _____
9. amphibious rodent; man's hat _____
10. stretch of grass; fabric _____
11. shoe; snake _____
12. bridge term; overshoe _____
13. Irish accent; comfortable shoe _____
14. musical instrument; plant _____
15. sea nymph; alarm signal _____
16. sovereign; straight edge _____
17. charlatan; duck's cry _____
18. custard-like dish; pleasure excursion _____
19. pipe; thorny plant _____
20. musical tone; suite of rooms _____

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Broken Bridges to Literacy

By Alice Dalgliesh

"The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of his mouth and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are you?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied rather shyly, "I—I hardly know, Sir, just at present—at least I know who I was *when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then."* —LEWIS CARROLL.

Drawing by Tenniel from "Alice in Wonderland."

THIS brief passage from "Advice from a Caterpillar" in "Alice in Wonderland" is by way of an answer to Mrs. Caroline B. Norwood, who wrote to this magazine last month [*SR*, Dec. 16] asking about "the logic behind the 'fairy tales' and incredible stories our children have to listen to." "I'm tired," she said, "of telling little children that fish can't really speak English, trains don't really talk, pelicans don't really exchange boots for fish and so on *ad infinitum*. . . . The child's life is happy enough without escapes into the land of make-believe." Just what she means by "little" children is not defined.

Caterpillars don't really talk. Mice don't sing carols, a steadfast tin soldier does not love a dancer, an owl and a pussy cat don't go to sea. I have never been an advocate of giving *very* little children elaborate, fanciful tales. But somewhere in fairly early experience children need to find out that besides reality there is make-believe.

If they do not, they will miss a great deal of literature and much that is a part of our culture. They may throw aside, from lack of appreciation, the noble procession of folk tale, legend, myth, and hero story. Even able readers may not meet the unusual characters in "Alice," "Just So Stories," "The Wind in the Willows." And as they grow a little older young people may not have the ability to enjoy "The Nutcracker" or Shakespeare's "The Tempest." Somewhere a bridge that leads to these will not have been built.

Just when a child crosses that mysterious bridge between reality and fancy depends entirely on his individual interests and capabilities. Some may never cross it. I taught four-to-five-year-old children for a number of years, and never was asked if animals talked. Children know they don't, but isn't it fun if in stories they sometimes do?

It is perfectly true that little children need few of the elaborate present-day attempts at fantasy, and that our "young" books have had too many thin, sophisticated, and unconvincing adult fancies. These may or may not be escape for the adults who write the books and make the pictures. But Wanda Gág's "Millions of Cats," in which the words and pictures flow along like music, and many other favorite books, are pleasure reading for children, not escape, as Mrs. Norwood suggests. Certainly, talking-beast stories go back a long way in time.

Strangely enough, or logically enough, the Russians, who, as we well know, are proficient in science, have in their first school readers "The Three Bears, A Fairy Tale by Leo Tolstoy." This makes me wish I could read Russian, just to see what goes on! And in Soviet readers from grade to grade, through the gray warp of "How Lenin Learned" and "The Pond on the Collective Farm," run the brighter threads of fables, fairy tales, and other stories. A number of the fables are also "by Leo Tolstoy," which still leaves some of them with a resemblance to the fables we know. Many of the stories "by Tolstoy" used in present-day Russian readers are those published as "Stories for Children" and were probably told by him in his struggle to teach reading in his school for peasant children. Pushkin does well in readers also; he happened to have quite a way with poems and fairy tales. As for Chekhov, the realist—beginning with "Kashtanka" in fifth or sixth grade the children are led up grade by grade through his short stories to "The Cherry Orchard." Is it possible that Ivan, or any European child, might find the text of our readers lacking in content? Ivan's readers, by the way, are called "Native Language," and in fifth grade the title changes to "Native Literature."

As you may guess, I have been reading **"What Ivan Knows That Johnny Doesn't,"** by Arthur Trace, Jr. (Random House, $3.95), in spite of its title and its rather unfavorable review in *SR/*EDUCATION November 18. It may be a frustrating book with its page after page of contrasted tables of contents, and impractical in its final cure for reading ills: a first-grade reader with 2,000 words, a sixth-grade reader with 10,000. After all, it is not quantity but quality of words that counts, though vocabulary needs enlarging.

However, if Dr. Trace's book does nothing more than reaffirm the fact that both the U. S. and the USSR are "textbook oriented," it may have accomplished something. He also states flatly that our present "basal readers" contain "nothing of literary merit." This is true, and we have known it for some time. Words are changed to conform with a graded vocabulary, sentences are shortened and tidied up, style is tidied out. And that is why some of us who write for children do not like to give permission for our stories to be used in basal readers. We know what will happen.

Dr. Trace also indicates that Ivan's stories are presented in their original form. In the first grade the Russian child is given two of the tools that will help him with new words, the alphabet and phonics. Another book, **"Tomorrow's Illiterates,"** a collection of articles by the Council for Basic Education, edited by Charles C. Walcott (Little, Brown, $3.95), makes even more emphatic critical remarks about "the look and say" method of teaching reading [*SR/*EDUCATION, Nov. 18]. The preface is by Jacques Barzun, who hopes that reading instruction will be reformed by "these quiet but deadly chapters." Whatever our new "method" or methods may be, it is to be hoped we try them out soon.

Why do many schools continue to use "readers" even from fifth to eighth grades? Why not read *books*? Schools fortunate enough to have libraries are

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doing this, and, where there is no librarian, parents are even forming volunteer groups to staff the library. For the school that does not have a library, as many do not, I know well enough the economics of using readers and anthologies. Fortunately, there are also public libraries—and even some parents who will build up the much neglected home library.

As the plan for "individualized reading" spreads to more schools—perhaps in the lower grades still supplementary to textbooks—a grave responsibility is placed on the publishers of books for young people. This responsibility is not to produce pretty packages with nothing in them, nor to bring the vocabulary of books down so that young people in junior high school are reading "at fourth-grade level"—which is happening today even to the "classics."

May we, in 1962, move towards greater reading ability, greater reading flexibility, not away from it. We are now in a transitional stage in which we are likely to swing to wild extremes. Sometimes the children, caught in the web of reading controversy, perhaps even forced into the mistakenly venerated McGuffey Readers, may feel the need to seek advice from a caterpillar and say, "I know who I was when I got up this morning, but . . ."

Books for All Tastes

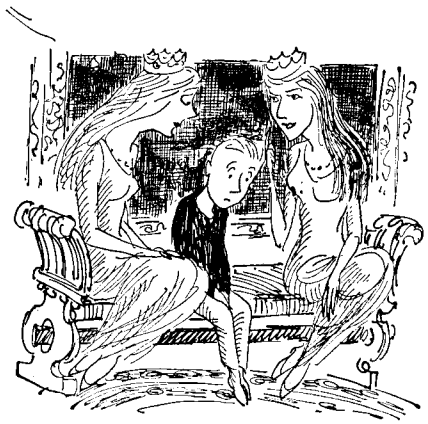
HUBERT: The Travelling Hippopotamus. *By Edmund Lindop. Illustrated by Jane Carlson. Little, Brown.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. "This is the true story of Hubert. All the exciting adventures in this book really happened to Hubert, the travelling hippopotamus." The first page states the facts, and children like them stated if the story is true. In the fall of 1928 Hubert left his home in Africa and started out on a long, long journey; no one knew why. He trudged into a village and was gentle and friendly. Then he was off again. In Durban he walked down a busy street, and the police halted traffic. Hubert became so famous that the people of South Africa erected a life-sized statue to him. Realistic pictures. Ages 5-8.

VERONICA. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. After five books about "that elegant goose Petunia," Roger Duvoisin gives children another amusing character, a hippopotamus that "wanted to be conspicuous" and set out to see the world. Children will think it very funny as Veronica "parks" by a fire-hydrant, is moved on by a policeman, and sleeps peacefully in a parking lot between cars. Finally she returns, to be inconspicuous among those of her kind. This and "Hubert" are both good books—opposite sides of the coin. Ages 5-8.

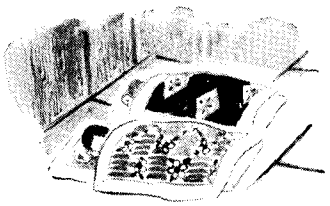
THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH. *By Norton Juster. Illustrations by Jules Feiffer. Epstein and Carroll (distributed by Random House).* 256 *pp.* $3.95. In former days when the audience left a morality play some may have been impressed; others probably said the equivalent of: "There but for the grace of God go I." As this book is a modern morality story, its final appraisal must be left to the children who do or do not accept it. A number of adults seem to enjoy it, and I'm inclined to think it is largely an adult book. Youngsters are scarcely conscious of some of the situations the author is attacking nor responsible for them.

The story is of Milo, a boy who was "not interested in anything" and who "regarded the process of seeking knowledge as the greatest waste of time of all." Milo enters his adventure by means of a phantom tollbooth—through which he drives his small car. In his travels he meets such characters as Faintly Macabre, The Humbug, Dischord and Dynne, and the Dodecahedron. Finally he arrives at the Kingdom of Knowledge, where he rescues the Princesses of Sweet Rhyme and Pure Reason—and finds himself at home, now quite a different individual.

The theme owes much to both "Alices" and to "The Pilgrim's Progress," with the Kingdom of Knowledge substituting for the Celestial City. In places it is interesting, in others it appears to try too hard to be clever, and goes above the head of its intended audience—the "lazy" mind. Ages 10 up.



—From "The Phantom Tollbooth."



—From "Keiko's Bubble."

KEIKO'S BUBBLE. *By Janet Lewis. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Doubleday.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. This is one of the pleasantest books I've read in the past year. It is the story of Keiko, a Japanese fisherman's daughter, who longs for a doll and is given instead a colored glass float, which brings luck to her father's fishing, but finally breaks loose and floats on the current to California. (Keiko gets her doll at the end of the story.) Just enough about Japanese customs; more about home life. The illustrations are Japanese, and show real feeling, as well as attractive detail. Ages 7-10.

THE FOX WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT. An Old Song. *Illustrated by Peter Spier. Doubleday.* 42 *pp.* $2.95. Peter Spier, an excellent artist, gives us some delightful color sketches of the New England countryside. While there are large stretches of scenery, children may be encouraged to look for the detail, and for the thieving fox, in each picture. The music and words of the song are on the back endpapers of the book, so families may sing it if they wish. Mr. Spier has much to give children, and we may expect even more handsome books from him. Ages 5-9.

JENNY LIND AND HER LISTENING CAT. *By Frances Cavanah. Illustrations by Paul Frame.* 158 *pp.* $2.95. Based on true sources, this story of Jenny Lind and her Kisse-Kat, "who set in motion the remarkable chain of events that brought about the discovery of her voice," is interesting for younger girls. There is a good deal of fictionized dialogue, as seems necessary in a story of this type, but a note at the end of the book gives some separation of facts. While the pictures of Kisse-Kat are good, those including Jenny are not more than adequate. Ages 8-11.

SPRINGTIME FOR EVA. *By Karin Anekarsvaärd. Translated from the Swedish by Anabelle Macmillan. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 157 *pp.* $2.95. It will be good for our younger teen-agers to have this book about Eva of Sweden, who is seventeen. She is, they will find, much like themselves but also different, and she appears on the jacket carrying her schoolbooks—somewhat of a novelty. Her relationships with her family, including her step-mother and small brother, are understandingly portrayed—as are her relationship with the two boys who interest her. There is the inevitable automobile accident that helps Eva to grow up, but with a different slant: the car in which she is riding is *not* to blame. Occasionally the writing seems stiff, which may be due to the translation. The author sometimes has a way of summing up her characterization after she has used an incident that shows some facet of the individual, as if she were afraid it might be missed. One does, however, come to know Eva and her friends very well.

THE LEVEL LAND. *By Dola de Jong. Drawings by Peter Spier. Scribners.* 174 *pp.* $2.95. This wise, well-balanced book has been ten years out-of-print, because directly after World War II there seemed to be a reaction against reminders of it. As a matter of fact, it is not a war book, but a warm picture of a Dutch family who take in a Jewish refugee boy from Germany. Only at the very end do we read of the invasion of Holland and understand what it means when a small, courageous country is overrun by a large one that has followed the wrong leadership. Both author and artist are Hollanders who lived through this period, and now have become Americans. Ages 10 up.

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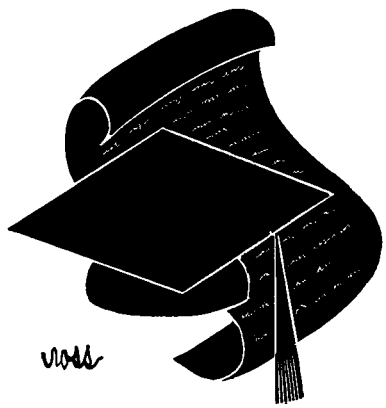
A Kingdom for Education

ADDIS ABABA.

TO AN American, education has long since ceased being a phenomenon. The wonder of it has been completely metabolized, along with home milk deliveries and running water. To most Africans, however, education is the most revolutionary part of a revolutionary age. It represents a flying leap from the tenth to the twentieth century. It is a road map out of feudalism. It is the tangible proof of liberation and the first fruit of freedom. It is a certificate of self-respect. It is a promise that fewer babies will die in infancy. It is an admission ticket to the office of a qualified doctor and a lifetime away from leprosy. It is emancipation from witch doctors. It is better crops and enough food. It is a whole host of great expectations that come with self-government. It is what people think about and talk about.

It wasn't always this way. Only thirty years ago in Ethiopia, for example, the government had to offer material inducements to parents to send their children to elementary schools, of which only a handful existed. Formal education was suspect, as though the youngsters would be made to undergo an alien experience that would distort or harm them. But then the winds of a new Africa began to blow through the continent and people began to understand the connections between knowledge and an independent and healthy nation. Books ceased being a repository for fearsome markings and became a vehicle for achievement. Today, there are dozens of elementary schools in Ethiopia. The problem no longer is one of incentive; the problem is how to find space for the children whose parents are clamoring to get them in. In many districts, twenty children have to be turned away for every one lucky enough to be admitted. It would appear that education in Ethiopia, as in the rest of Africa, is second in importance only to national independence itself.

A shopkeeper in Addis Ababa spoke for most parents when he told me: "My father thought the best legacy he could give me was enough money to set me up in business. This is not what I intend to do. I may or may not leave my sons some money. But I intend to leave them something far more important than money. I will leave them the best education it is within my power to give."



Even those African children who were lucky enough to receive such a heritage found that it generally took them only as far as elementary school. Fifteen years ago, there were hardly two dozen college-educated men in Ethiopia. Less than two years ago, when the Belgian Congo received its freedom, only fourteen Congolese men had college degrees. Children of wealthy parents sometimes went to Europe and America for university training, but not all of them came home again.

A national program of higher education, therefore, is the key to any long-term program for producing an educated citizenry. In 1950, Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia began what at that time seemed a daring program. He instituted a liberal arts and education school, followed later by a college of engineering, an institute of building technology, a public health training college, a college of agriculture, and a college of mechanical arts.

By 1959, enough separate college units were in existence to warrant their ultimate consolidation and expansion into a university. His Imperial Majesty retained a survey team from the University of Utah to make recommendations toward that end.

Dean Harold W. Bentley and his team arrived in Addis Ababa early in December, 1959. When they turned in their report several months later, the Emperor not only accepted the recommendations but persuaded Harold Bentley to stay on as Acting First President of the University of Ethiopia.

"The very first time I met Dr. Bentley, I knew it would be hard for me to let go of him," the Emperor told us as he reviewed the events leading up to the Dedication Ceremonies of the University on December 18, 1961. "For years I wanted a university in Ethiopia. I wanted it to have high standards. I wanted it to achieve excellence. And then, within fifteen minutes after I started to talk to Dr. Bentley, I said to myself, 'Here is the man who can give it to me.'"

This was the beginning of an association that already is taking on the status of a legend. When the question of a site for the university came up, in the early discussions between the Emperor and Dean Bentley, various locations were considered. All were either too remote or lacking in spaciousness and natural appeal. Then the Emperor hit on the answer. He would move out of the Royal Palace, with its various buildings, vast gardens, and fields and turn the en-

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tire establishment over to the University. Bentley was elated. There could be no more dramatic proof that the University had become the number one objective of the government. This was reinforced when the Emperor agreed to serve as the Chancellor; he also agreed to give a course in Ethiopian history and government.

Another specific incident gave tangible encouragement to Hal Bentley. One of the foreign professors at the liberal arts college was severely critical of the government. In general, he thought the rate of social progress was much too slow. After the abortive December, 1960, revolt against the government, the foreign professor left Ethiopia. Though he had had no part in the uprising, the similarity of some of his views with those of various intellectuals involved in the revolt made for an awkward situation. While out of the country, the professor wrote a rather harsh article about the Emperor. As soon as Hal Bentley saw the article, he brought it to he attention of the Chancellor. He stressed that he had no interest in political affairs of the government; as acting university president, however, he would urge the Chancellor to invite the foreign professor, about whose academic ability there was no question, to return to Addis Ababa and resume his post at the university. This was an exercise in academic freedom without which no university could expect greatness. As he made his recommendation Bentley wondered whether the distinction he was making between Selassie as Emperor and Selassie as Chancellor would be accepted.

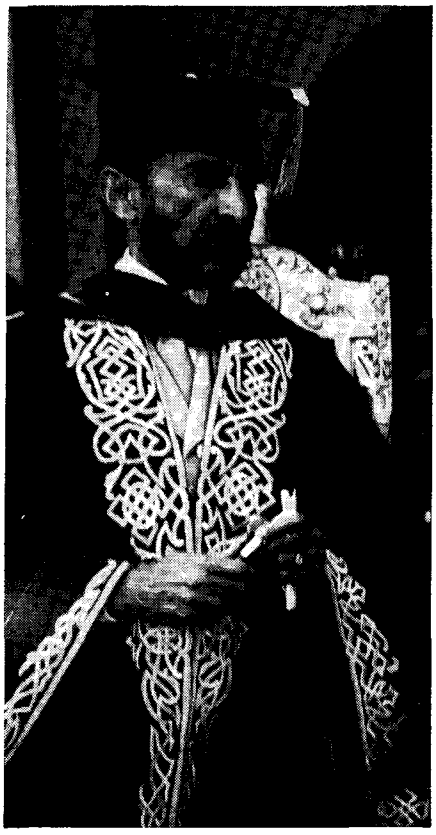
The distinction was recognized. The Chancellor saw the point at once. He wrote to the professor, inviting him cordially to return to Ethiopia. The professor readily agreed; the professor is expected in Addis Ababa next week.

This incident has made a profound impression on the entire academic community in Addis Ababa, including many of those whose sympathies were not entirely with the crown. Hal Bentley is off to a good start. Indeed, one of the young African professors remarked that he hoped to write a book someday that might be juxtaposed against "The Ugly American," by Lederer and Burdick. It would be called "The Essential American" and it would be about Hal Bentley.

On December 18, 1961, the Dedication Ceremonies for the new University were held on the steps of the Royal Palace. The Emperor formally handed over the Palace and the grounds to Ato Yilma Deressa, chairman of the Board of Governors of the University. There was a full Imperial ceremony, with invocation and benediction by the Patriarch of Ethiopia, His Holiness, Abuna Bassilios. Representatives of the faculty and student body spoke, as did Dr. Bentley. From all over the world came academic delegates, all of whom were presented to the Emperor. Virtually the entire diplomatic community turned out for the affair. Faculty and students brought the audience up to 3,000. Not far away were some 10,000 school children who had come to the Imperial Grounds as part of the celebration.

All in all, as someone remarked, it was a proud hour for Ethiopia. It was also a proud hour for the United States. Among those present was the Deputy Assistant Secretary in the Department of State's Bureau of African Affairs, Mr. J. Wayne Fredericks, who had brought greetings from President Kennedy. It was a proud hour for the United States, because American financial aid had helped make the University possible and because a man by the name of Harold W. Bentley was giving himself to it.

—N.C.



—N.C.

He gave away the Royal Palace—Left, His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I, in his raiment as Chancellor of the new University of Ethiopia; above, part of the audience at the Dedication Ceremonies of the new national university at Addis Ababa. Education "is a certificate of self-respect."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LOS ANGELES FIRE

I AM APPALLED by the glib coverage given the recent Los Angeles fire by the national press. Why this snide compulsion on the part of news writers to equate the loss of 456 homes with a Hollywood fire-eating act?

SR's TRADE WINDS column for Dec. 23 quotes John D. Weaver as purring that it was "one of the most chic disasters in American history." Weaver goes on to imply that after a few ho-hums all of us who lost houses (no one has yet called them anything but mansions) simply flounced off to the smart bistros to smack our lips over a Martini and the joyous prospect of another tax deduction.

For the record, among the many houses destroyed by the fire were modest two-bedroom homes built by salaried people who did their own remodeling, painting, and landscaping—my neighbors, in fact. What has been dubbed "the Bel Air fire" swept some five miles to the west to level the residences of UCLA instructors, public school teachers, and civil servants. . . .

The final irony is that the press, while chiding the antics of a few unabashed publicity seekers, has served their cause handsomely by concentrating on their flamboyance rather than on the grim holocaust itself.

WILLIAM HOWE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

BALANCE SHEET

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH'S "Boost—Don't Knock" [*SR*, Dec. 16] describes the sickness of our age as being anger against God for not giving us a perfect world, and it knocks the artist who sees only the imperfections, and because of them alienates himself from hope.

But I suspect that this virus affects many more than the alienated artists. Professor Krutch observes that "many an unthinking man on the street seems relatively cheerful," but one out of every two of the nation's hospital beds is occupied by a mental patient and there are 5,000,000 children growing up in America in broken homes. Perhaps the man on the street is not more cheerful than our angry artists, only less articulate.

As a social worker in a public assistance agency I have been struck repeatedly by a sameness in the family breakdowns which send abandoned mothers to the welfare offices. Repeatedly, the difficulties, whether outer or inner, boil down to an anger against life for not being perfect, and a resulting sense of being cheated, which immobilizes the personality.

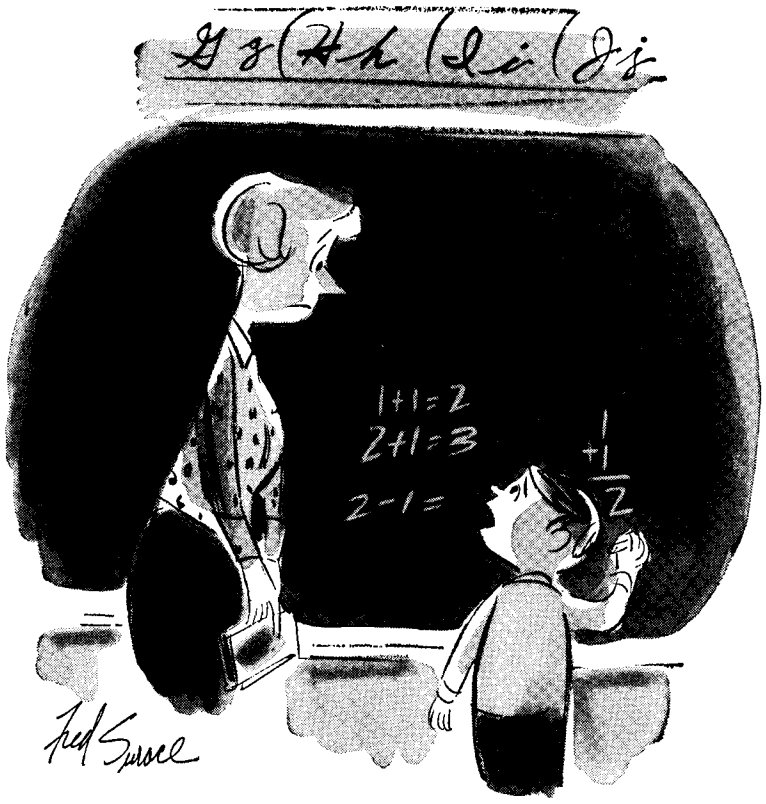
Nor does the body of society between the artist and the welfare recipient seem free of this germ of cosmic resentment. "I'm depraved because I'm deprived" runs the lyric from "West Side Story," and echoes from the couches of analysts across the nation. Deprivation is the fashionable malaise, as mink sales soar and bigger supermarkets boom.

But of what are we deprived when the sense of deprivation appears among the rich as well as the poor, the loved as well as the unloved, in suburbia as well as in the city and on the farm?

Could it be that what keeps us today from feeling that God did not send us into the world without some spending money is the idea, which we hold and will not give up, that we were entitled with our birth to the whole bankroll?

TRUDI SHARIF.

Meriden, Conn.



"Don't they have machines for this sort of thing?"

AS YOU LIKE IT

IN RESPONSE TO Peggy S. Leibik's letter to the editor concerning "illiterate authors of children's textbooks" who use "like" as a conjunction [*SR*, Dec. 16], I should like to guide all concerned to "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," by Bergen and Cornelia Evans. Here, short shrift is made of disputants of "like" as a conjunction. There appears an example, taken from the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which goes: "wood does not contract like steel does." Further, Mr. and Miss Evans state that the construction is found in the writings of Shakespeare, More, Sidney, Dryden, Smollett, Burns, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Darwin, Newman, Brontë, Thackeray, Morris, Kipling, Shaw, Wells, Masefield, and Maugham. Would Peggy S. Leibik want to go on record as claiming the aforementioned great writers are illiterate?

I quote again from the "Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage": "There is no doubt but that 'like' is accepted as a conjunction in the United States today and that there is excellent literary tradition for this. There is no reason why anyone should take the trouble to learn when 'like' is a conjunction and when it is a preposition, unless he wants to."

How about that? I dig Bergen and Cornelia Evans! They're my kind of people—like they don't believe in getting hung up on trivia at the expense of more important matters. . . .

ESTHER PERIN.

Allentown, Pa.

CHOOSING SIDES

HOORAY FOR high-sounding meaningless phrases! I refer to Professor Abraham Kaplan's "The Great Journey" [*SR*, Dec. 23].

GENE GALVIN.

Hollywood, Calif.

"THE GREAT JOURNEY" is a much-needed reminder to us Americans. It is loaded with that most uncommon of commodities, common sense. Let's hope that President Kennedy has an ample supply of advisors of Dr. Kaplan's stature and clear-headedness. If so, then Communism will soon become a "burnt-out case" here. If not, let's all make sure that our fallout shelters are in good repair.

EDWARD TOMASIAN.

Capistrano Beach, Calif.

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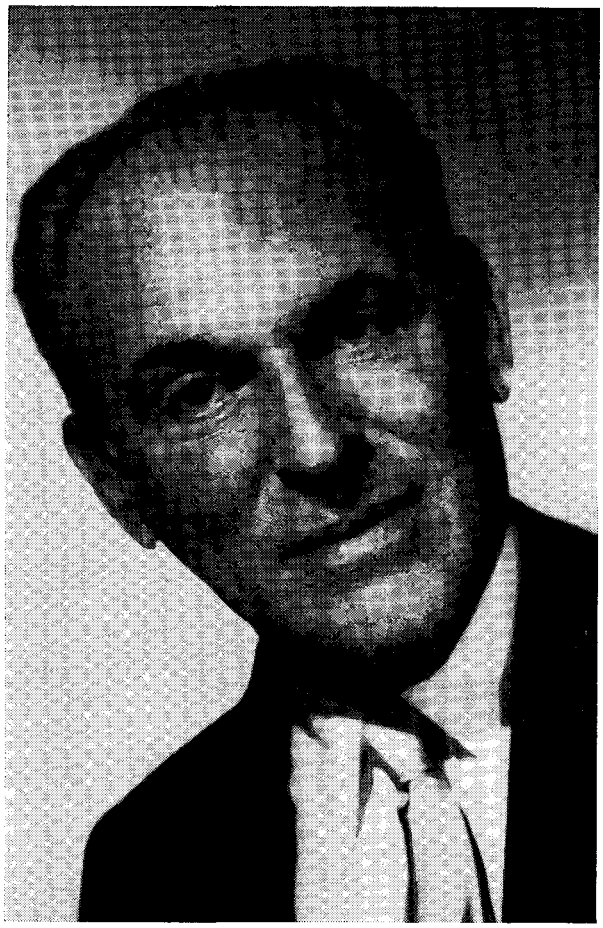
With Gaiety and Gusto

A Tribute to Moss Hart



EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following tribute to the playwright Moss Hart, who died December 20, was presented earlier this month at a memorial service held at the Music Box Theatre in New York.*

ALL of the words that the name Moss Hart brings to mind are beautiful ones, and of special importance in a world like ours today: gaiety, warmth, understanding, laughter, gusto, loyalty, integrity, delight.

Whatever Moss did, he did with all his heart and soul. He was as interested in your problem as he was in his own. Everything to Moss was a production problem. He could hear about the most mundane domestic disturbance and build it into a drama with national significance. He could invest the drabbest, dullest characters with a majesty and fire that turned them into fascinating ladies and gentlemen. What's more, the characters began living up to Moss's conceptions immediately and saw themselves for the rest of their days as Moss recreated them.

All of his life, Moss Hart suffered periodic attacks of almost unbearable depression. Analysis provided only a partial cure. Never once, however, did I know him to let his own troubles keep him from throwing himself completely into performing a task he had undertaken, or heeding a call for help from one of his innumerable friends.

Moss was the kind of guest a hostess dreams of. No sooner did he appear at a party than he automatically assumed the role of co-host. Immediately, furthermore, everybody in the room became a little brighter, a little more assured, just because Moss was there. What warmer tribute can you pay a man?

Moss never left anything to chance. When we would congratulate him on some particularly successful achievement, he would always remind us, cheerfully, "You know my father didn't leave me the money." When anybody ascribed his success to luck, Moss would counter with, "Nobody is sitting up there saying 'Now what can we do for Moss Hart today?' Luck is what you make it." He even undertook the supervision of his own memorial service. "If you want to have a service for me," he told his wife Kitty, "remember, I won't be there to make the arrangements—so you all will probably set it for an hour when the actors who were my friends can't be present." Sure enough, the first date selected was a matinee day. It was Moss's oldest friend, Joe Hyman, who set us straight.

Moss understood the true purpose of money possibly better than anybody in the theatre. Not for him was money to be confused with little notebooks that showed a constantly increasing credit balance at the banks and brokerage offices. Money to Moss was something you spent. And what joy the spending of it gave him! He didn't buy things by ones—he bought them by sixes, whether they were dressing gowns, porch swings, desk sets, household pets, or houses to put them in.

And how perfectly his wife Kitty fulfilled his life. She not only was an irresistible wife who gave him two irresistible children—a picture of himself that he cherished deeply—but she gave him just the right amount of opposition to his most outrageous extravagances before admitting graciously, "You were absolutely right, Mossy. The room wouldn't look the same without that $600 flower pot in the corner." That always made Moss's joy in his newest possession complete.

In my thirty-eight years in the publishing business, I never have seen an author derive such unalloyed delight from a best-seller as Moss Hart did from "Act One." To hear the relish with which he read his fan mail to me over the phone each morning was to understand what fun can be had in this life by a man who knows how to live it. It made no difference to Moss whether the letter came from an Adlai Stevenson or an unsung housewife in Wichita Falls. He saw a little old man trudging along Madison Avenue one day with a copy of "Act One" under his arm, stopped him to say, "I'm Moss Hart. I'm the man who wrote that book!"—and autographed it while the old man beamed. Moss's dream was to see "Act One" in the Modern Library series. We are going to put it there for him this year. I can hear him telling me, "You did it just in time to save me from Doubleday."

Disasters turned into joyrides under Moss's guidance. Bill Paley's pool in Jamaica was filled with sand instead of salt water because of faulty filtering one winter. Moss made it the subject of a hilarious calypso song. A terrible play opened on Broadway and the after-theatre gathering at the St. Regis looked like a morgue. Moss organized an impromptu cheering section, and had even the stricken author and producer laughing at themselves before the gathering disbanded. A modest party planned to celebrate the success of "Act One" was taken over by Moss himself and turned, with the help of Harold Rome, Arthur Schwartz, Howard Dietz, Phil Silvers, and a host of other friends into one of the most notable evenings in the life of everybody who came.

What happiness he gave us all! Thank God we had the opportunity to know him!

—BENNETT CERF.

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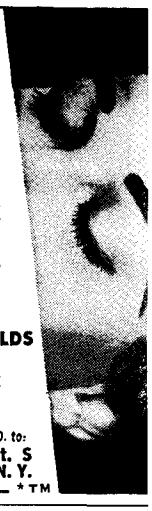

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Modern Writers

Continued from page 17

laugh at him. It put nostalgia itself into perspective, by making it appear not just as hatred of the present and yearning for the past, but as a modern state of mind, a symptom of the decline that was also modern: "In the room the women come and go/Talking of Michelangelo." The cunning complexity of the self-mocking attitude, which is nevertheless presented as the only civilized one possible in a barbarian age and therefore justified above all other possible ones, has never been better conveyed than in the opening lines of Pound's "Pour l'Election de son Sepulchre":

> For three years, out of key with his time,
> He strove to resuscitate the dead art
> Of poetry; to maintain 'the sublime'
> In the old sense. Wrong from the start—
>
> No, hardly, but seeing he had been born
> In a half-savage country, out of date. . . .

The modern nostalgic was adept at defending his own poetry and poetic personality, but it is possible that by being too cleverly defensive he undermined the position of the modern in literature. A passionately felt and strategically postulated nostalgia provided him with an excuse for coming to no sort of terms with contemporary values of progress and science at all in his work. He built for himself a heavily armored up-to-date defense system round an ivory tower, within which he could retreat into the endless underground workings of "Finnegans Wake," or withdrawn from the modern altogether into critical examination of the great achievements of the past tradition, or into some form of religious orthodoxy.

At the same time, self-irony couldn't release the nostalgics from the serious responsibility of being poets who were critics not only of past poets, but also of the situation of poets in modern society. The most famous of their theories is Eliot's, concerning the "dissociation of sensibility" which took place in the seventeenth century, when the poet could still have sensuous apprehension of thought, as he might of the scent of a rose. Another nostalgic, T. E. Hulme, advanced the idea that the wrong turning was during the Renaissance, "when you get a refusal to believe in the radical imperfection of either Man or Nature." For F. R. Leavis it is at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution with the liquida-

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tion in England of the village life of the "organic community."

In all these theories there is perhaps concealed the idea of a Second Fall of Man in the industrial age. The operative cause of this Second Fall was the concept of individualism, which led, from the Renaissance onward, to the scientific era. Knowledge of science and industry here plays the role of eating of the tree of knowledge. The Second Fall is considered so much worse than the first one that Original Sin can be looked back on as the sign of man's comparative innocence, whilst it is precisely the loss of the sense of Original Sin which is the peculiar worse-than-damned condition of men in the period of exile which is the Second Fall. For the sense of Original Sin offers man the possibility of redemption whereas the loss of this sense condemns him to a life deprived of all moral significance.

All these ideas, which had already been expressed by Baudelaire, contain important truths. For literature they have proved to be a medicine which provides the patient with a galvanic stimulus followed by sentence to slow but certain decline. Not with a bang but a whimper. The condemnation of the modern world by the nostalgic modern poets was too absolute to leave poetry itself with any future. The great works of the early part of this century all have the final force of a prophetic moment of terrible insight—"the awful daring of a moment's surrender." In a blinding flash the significant realization confronts the poet himself with the totally insignificant and morally despairing future. In this crisis, the poet gathers together in himself his vision of the moral forces of the past in a single final act of imaginative moral comprehension and hurls his masterpiece, his prophetic thunderbolt, against the declining age. After that nothing is left but (to quote lines of the early Auden written immediately in the shadow of the experience of reading "The Waste Land"):

> To disintegrate on an instant in the explosion of mania
> Or lapse forever into a classic fatigue.

The hatred was too great, the death sentence passed on civilization too absolute. Yeats even worked out on his astrological chart in "A Vision" that the year 1929 was the beginning of the end.

The question left by the combined forces of nostalgia and hatred was: how could literature continue if civilization was not only damned but (more serious) doomed? Even the nostalgics themselves found the question difficult to answer. Ezra Pound has been greatly blamed, but if one considers literary problems apart from political ones, even when they involve politics, his answer was, in literary terms, perfectly honest. It was that to alter the course of materialist industrial civilization you had to have dictatorship employing violence, in interests which were ultimately those of great art. For Joyce the answer was to turn away from Bloom's day to Earwicker's night. For Eliot there was the answer, outside time. For Yeats the answer was to dance on the graves of the dead and rejoice in the fall of civilization—

> They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay;
> Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.

What was certainly finished by hatred was the attempt to write great works which were about "the whole of modern life" and which marvelously preserved the balance between the most old and the most new—the "Odyssey" and Dublin. Hatred of modern material was too great. It was taken in, with one tremendous look at the worst, not to be looked at again.

Looking back on the years since 1929, it is evident, I think, that whereas the great masterpieces of early twentieth-century literature unexpectedly produced not a new school of poetry but a new school of criticism, a good deal of that criticism was directed toward the patient construction of foundations for a literature which would at least not entirely condemn progress. In Auden's early work, Freud and Marx are enlisted as cure—cure for the individual, for civilization, for hatred, nostalgia, and poetry. The 1930s, conscripted by humanity into the cause of anti-Fascism, were an attempt to write works politically hopeful.

What may have a far greater influence on the development of literature than politics or literary movements is the decline of nostalgia. It seems to me that a real difference between generations—far greater than the usual Beatnik and Espresso Bar ones that are named—is that the post-World War II generation does not feel nostalgic. By this, I mean that they do not lead interior mental lives in which they feel themselves time's exiles because they were not born in the Renaissance or into an "organic community." They do not feel that the modern world, if doomed, is already damned simply through its not being some earlier world.

The reasons why they do not feel these things are various. One is perhaps that World War II made a dividing line between past and present more impassable than that of World War I. Another reason may be that the comparatively simple view of history which enables

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one first of all to isolate a period, like the Renaissance, and then to identify oneself with the artists in it, has been made more difficult by the debates of historians, which have thrown all pasts as it were into a state of flux. Finally, sociologists have challenged the view of the literary that there is only one tradition — a literary one — of which all novelists, whether they like it or not, are the lineal descendants, doomed to decline if literary tradition is in decline.

In England, the end of a phase of nostalgia has probably been finally settled by the emergence of young writers in quite large quantities who belong to a social class which does not feel that decisions were made about the way in which it would think and perceive by courtierly poets living several hundred years ago. If they think about the "dissociation of sensibility" they do not think that it is any affair of theirs. They are more interested in the idea, put forward in books by Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams, that there is an alternative tradition in England — the tradition of those people who, expropriated from the countryside by the Industrial Revolution, moved into the towns and were not heard of as a cultural force for two hundred years, but who now are beginning to write works inspired by ideas that go back to the England of the peasantry before the Industrial Revolution. This generation has hatreds but they are directed against individuals, such as political leaders, not against the whole modern world. And their affections are not for the past but for their own class living in the present.

Of course, there were Wells, and Bennett, and Shaw, all from this same not so new emergent class—a fact that is today overlooked. It may also be that the nostalgics were right when, like Hamlet with his mother, comparing civilizations, they set one "counterfeit presentment" of the dead king against another of his living brother now ruling the rotten state of Denmark, and declared that the first had "Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself," and that the second was "like a mildew'd ear, Blasting his wholesome brother." The fact remains, though, that we have nothing more to learn from nostalgia, and that a modern literature has to see the good as well as the bad in the modern world if there is to be a future for literature at all.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. mole, 2. shingle, 3. bisque, 4. bunting, 5. quarters, 6. habit, 7. rake, 8. rook, 9. beaver, 10. lawn, 11. moccasin, 12. rubber, 13. brogue, 14. bugle, 15. siren, 16. ruler, 17. quack, 18. junket, 19. brier, 20. flat.

TV AND RADIO

The Right to Be Shocked

A GROUP of young comedians whose specialty is political satire gave a performance for Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and his guests at a party for United Nations delegates. The foreign diplomats were shocked at the trenchant fun poked at our Administration. Not until they saw Mr. Stevenson himself applauding heartily did they feel at ease and permit themselves to enjoy the performance. The "Second City" comedians, the cause of the delegates' disquietude, are accustomed to shocking audiences. Recently they triggered some fifty telephone calls to NBC from irate viewers who watched "Dialogue," an early-evening local program broadcast Fridays over WNBC-TV, New York. "Disgraceful," "un-American," protested the callers.

"Dialogue" is a so-called essay program (a new TV form that may best be described, like the old radio sustainer, as a low-budget sacrifice to the compulsions of public service). Such programs survive mainly on the verve and creativity of their producers; and David Shefrin's theme for this one was "satire in discussion of current events." The "Second City" group (which originated in Chicago and now works regularly in a Greenwich Village night club) performed some of their sketches and talked about their style of humor with Brian O'Doherty, the program's host. Though the comedians disavow that they are polemical and assert that much of their cabaret work is nonpolitical, their television material was all topical. Loosely put together and designed as a spoof of the year-in-review shows put on by network news correspondents, the various episodes mocked Southern attitudes on segregation, our government's policy in Laos, Peace Corps recruitment, and Barry Goldwater's forward-to-yesterday philosophy. Barbara Harris as a student ("I'm interested in problems; problems interest me a lot") was particularly funny when asked: "Will the Russians beat us in the economic race?"

"The Russians," she replied with a straight face, "are sadly lacking in mental health; they have no mental patients. We're way out in front on mental health. One out of every ten beds . . ." The program was almost completely unrehearsed, and this, together with the "Second City" flair for improvisation, gave it the atmosphere of the early Chicago school of television.

Warmly disposed to WNBC for this service to a minority audience, I wondered why all the comic talent of the younger generation seems to be located somewhere along the so-called liberal spectrum. From Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, and Lenny Bruce to "Second City," the status quo is commonly the target of their humor. To say that biting satire is a manifestation of left social protest is too simple. One remembers Aristophanes, that old conservative, who neatly lampooned the reformer Socrates. I put the question to Howard Alk, one of the three "Second City producers. "The political right today," he suggested, "is running scared. The neo-hysteria of civilized McCarthyism is due to the fact that the world situation is out of hand. Defeat is out there. This is very serious to young people who can still take contemporary society seriously. Other young people, liberal but disenchanted, may become dilettante activists or else they adopt a viewpoint which combines a left-over, rationalist faith with a kind of humorous despair—a gallows type of humor. There's the Twist, the new dance craze that also symbolizes a denial of any solution—but on the level of a last, hedonistic gasp. Our group's response is quizzical comment, the mind holding itself inviolate. Inside, I may be convinced it's all pretty hopeless, but in my approach to humor I'm still proselytizing for a better life, while making that smiling comment."

Perhaps *SR* readers have other answers to why the political right today has failed to produce entertainers who reflect their particular world view in comedy satire. Mainstream comedy television would be richer for contributions from both left and right. Meanwhile, the few intellectual comedians we produce pass very rarely, like comets, through our Sarnoff system. There isn't much chance of network regularity for them. The local, NBC-owned-and-operated stations, though, occasionally exchange essay shows with each other and with educational stations. If the "Second City" comet streaks your way in one of these exchanges, try to catch a glimpse of it—and tell your neighbors, too. The rights of all Americans are involved—including the right to be shocked.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Self-Portrait

THE unfortunate truth about **"Testament of Orpheus,"** as egocentric a film as has yet been made, is that it is old hat. Cocteau, who made it, who acts in it, and who offers himself as the symbol of the artist, seems to puckishly grant this fact when he appears in several period costumes, each time attempting to contact a scientist who is working on a box that will allow people from earlier eras to enter the second half of the twentieth century. Cocteau's forays miss the first three times; he manages to encounter the scientist as a schoolboy, as an infant, as a senile old man; on the fourth try he hits the scientist at the precise moment of his inventing triumph, and Cocteau is able to enter his modern world.

This world has only occasional resemblances to any we might recognize, for it is then the world of his own imagination that he explores. He encounters the handsome spirit of his younger self; he is led to Picasso, who is examining a child on the meaning of Jean Cocteau; he is tried by two representatives of society who sternly want to know what he is doing in our world, upon which Cocteau answers with a series of his poetic paradoxes. If we have studied Cocteau's films carefully, and if our memory of them has remained fresh, we will recognize his judges as characters from his previous films. His guide, Cegestes, was a character in "Orpheus," as are the motorcycle policemen he meets near the end of the film. Jean Marais, who appeared in several Cocteau films, is glimpsed for a moment as the blinded Oedipus. But just what does Yul Brynner symbolize as the guardian of the chamber of Pallas Athene?

Cocteau's explication of himself becomes all too languid after a while; his magical tricks seem banal; and his moviemaking abominable. His slow-motion gait, the death and resurrection of a flower, the outlandish costumes of the personages, are almost pathetic attempts to establish a dreamlike atmosphere. Perhaps it might have amused us and made us wonder in an earlier time; it doesn't now, except for an all too seldom satiric moment, as when a pair of intellectual lovers interrupt their lovemaking to frantically write down their impressions, or as when the goddess of fame stuffs herself with autographs. The artist revealed in this fashion is merely fatuous. He may thumb his nose at us, but somehow we don't care.

It was only a few years ago that MGM trod fearfully around the homosexual implications in "Tea and Sympathy." Now, an English film, **"Victim,"** shatters the homosexual barrier thoroughly, and tells a tale of blackmail and suspense, the while sermonizing somewhat unctuously about, as the publicity release sent me puts it, "the tragic problems of the men who are considered abnormal." These men who are considered abnormal have a particularly hard time of it in England where, I am also informed, 90 per cent of the blackmail cases have a homosexual origin.

ALL this because our society treats homosexuals as criminals. The lesson for the day over, the movie, in the hands of director Basil Dearden, gets down to its main business, which is to show a ring of blackmailers terrorizing homosexuals, some of them leading what appear to be normal lives, into regular cash payments. Photographs of the victims are snapped at incautious moments and, fearful that their indiscretions will be revealed, their careers and home lives jeopardized or ruined, they accept blackmail as a fact of life.

One of these chaps is played by Dirk Bogarde, who is roused into courageous action by the suicide of a boy he has been fond of. As a prominent barrister he has everything to lose, but carry on he does, risking the loss of his beautiful wife (Sylvia Syms) and his profession. The nobility he displays is not very convincing, but his detective work is interesting. He visits a hairdresser, a well-known actor, a bookseller, all denizens of the twilight world of London, and even discovers that one of his respected colleagues has been *that* way all along. Eventually the blackmailers are revealed and everyone seems prepared to face consequences. And, since Mr. Bogarde turns out to be such an upright fellow, after all, granting that one tragic flaw, we find ourselves wishing him well.

In fact, one feels that it may eventually be possible for life to be beautiful for former homosexuals, and I also had the distinct feeling that the subject was picked not so much for probing and edification, but as a hot item at the box office. This is not to say that the movie does not have its craftsmanlike aspects. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

El Purgatorio

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS once invented an imaginary locale, which he called Camino Real. His Camino Real represented a life situation somewhere between the royal and the real, in which all romantics sooner or later found themselves. Now in his newest play, **"The Night of the Iguana,"** Mr. Williams conjures up the Costa Verde, a place of reckoning for those who "live on the fantastic level, but who have got to operate on the realistic level." The Costa Verde is a run-down Mexican hotel that lives up to both meanings of *verde*. It is green with its lush natural surroundings of thick foliage and glorious view of the sea. And it is smutty in the vulgarity of its proprietress, Maxine Faulk, an aging widow who openly pursues the bawdiest gratifications. Since *verde* has a third meaning of unripe, it may also be appropriate that the play's protagonist, the Reverend Larry Shannon, whose mother once took too stern an attitude toward his childhood sexual self-indulgence, has gone through life revenging himself on her by allowing himself to be seduced by under-age girls.

Indeed, as the play begins, in the year 1940, Mr. Shannon, who is conducting a busload of Texas girls through Mexico on a guided tour, finds himself in desperate trouble for his latest act of revenge, consummated with a weeping seventeen-year-old member of his party. A "butch" schoolteacher also in the party has taken it upon herself to have him fired, and to cut him off from ever returning to the United States, by seeing to it that there will be a charge of statutory rape awaiting him at the Texas border. His only refuge seems to be to accept the invitation of "the bright widow spider" to stay on as her lover and assistant at the Costa Verde. Thus, like the tied iguana being fattened up for slaughter under the porch, Shannon has reached the point where he can only try with pathetic futility to go on past the end of his rope.

But again like the Camino Real, the Costa Verde need be destructive only for those who lack sufficient spirituality to surmount it. To prove this point, Mr. Williams presents us with two other characters who find themselves obliged to seek temporary shelter at the Costa Verde. One is Miss Hannah Jelkes, a fortyish spinster, whom Shannon calls "Miss Thin-Standing-Up-Female-Buddha. Hannah earns her living by painting portrait sketches of guests at hotels. And she brings with her Nonno, her ninety-seven-year-old grandfather, "a minor league poet with a major league spirit," who recites poetry for the paying guests. Although his composing talents have been dormant for twenty years, he has at last started on a new poem with the premonition that he will finish it here in these hellish surroundings, where the only other guests are four reveling Nazis who sing "Die Lorelei" and listen joyously to short-wave reports that Hitler has set England ablaze.

So there it is. Destruction and creation, cruelty and compassion, smut and spirituality, all of the paradoxical ingredients so essential to the divine equation Mr. Williams uses to transform energy into living stage matter. And again he does so with the same style, humor, and sensitivity that make him the foremost American playwright of his time.

We watch Shannon lose the battle for his independence as leader of the tour; and for all of its vital importance to him this is an essentially humorous business. It is his other battle that is desperate and tragic, the one against insanity, or, as he calls it, "the spook in the rain forest." Fortunately he is sustained in the latter by Hannah, who brews him poppyseed tea with her little spirit lamp in defiance of Maxine's diabolic edict that guests may not cook in her establishment. Shannon suggests that he and Hannah travel together, although he finds her without sex appeal. Hannah rejects this as unrealistic. Shannon must stay at the Costa Verde in an extended purgatorial servitude to Maxine. But before this commences two things happen. Hannah persuades him to cut loose the iguana under the porch, and Nonno completes his poem, which turns out to be a cry for human beings to emulate the courage found in other forms of life. The actions suggest the playwright's view that we are all of us committed to life imprisonment with our true natures, and that compassion and courage are the only salvation.

The characters are extraordinarily vivid. Patrick O'Neal's handsome, febrile Shannon has a classic beauty, as if he had been painted by El Greco. Though we are not always able to descend very deep with him on "the subterranean journeys that the spooked and bedeviled people are forced to take through the unlighted sides of their natures," the very fact that he doesn't appear fully to realize the forces tearing him apart makes his behavior more credible. Margaret Leighton, on the other hand, gives us a softhearted Hannah who has an exquisitely balanced combination of self-knowledge, compassion, and hard courage. While the character is not unrelated to other genteel and sexually frustrated women in the Williams canon, she escapes their fate. And when Shannon tells her of a shocking scatological incident, it causes her to retch, but being a saint she is able to face the truth, be deeply affected by it, and then by sheer courage to pull her spirits back up to an even fuller capacity. As her grandfather, Nonno, Alan Webb suggests both the appearance and physical deterioration of a nonogenarian and the possession of Horace's *non omnis moriar* vitality. And while one suspects that Maxine should be more a Gorgon than a Circe, Bette Davis does roll up her sleeves and unbutton her shirt to give us a boldly carnal woman.

Oliver Smith's tilted setting of a run-down tropical hotel complete with dripping rainstorm serves the operatic style of this production. And director Frank Corsaro, who two years ago directed a shorter and more fragile version of the same play at Spoleto (*SR*, Aug. 1, 1959), has on the whole managed the difficult enlargement of the play admirably.

IS this enlargement the same process which Mr. Williams agonizedly applied to "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and to "Sweet Bird of Youth," and which caused these plays to strike some purists as regretably uncohesive? Not quite. For in both of these former successes the playwright created second acts to add new complication to material that had originally been more simply conceived, whereas in "The Night of the Iguana" Mr. Williams has tried only to embellish the original simple action by adding detail and background. While this embellishment also has a somewhat discursive effect, it at least does not overpower the original conception. The play's imperfections will probably annoy you. But they are perhaps nothing more than awkward little bumps of transition, and a price the Broadway theatergoer should willingly pay. For "The Night of the Iguana" preserves Mr. Williams's unique and inspired vision, and would appear to be the best new American play of the season. —HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nilsson in "Siegfried," Kuen—Solti

EVEN before Birgit Nilsson awakened for the first time at the Metropolitan as the Brünnhilde who greets sun and light (post midnight), the season's initial "Siegfried" reached a quality rarely approached for a decade or so. Of primary responsibility was a largely new set of components, either as good as had been hoped or better than had been feared.

Sufficient honors have been accorded George London for his fine "Rheingold" Wotan without notice of the hardly secondary consideration that this, like his "Siegfried" Wanderer, was a first performance anywhere. This means London has reached the enviable stage of an artist's career in which roles of such magnitude can be evolved by thought and study to substantial maturity, even without the searching test of public performance.

Two things, clearly, contributed to the latest virtuous result: full control of the technical means for producing the vocal line broadly, powerfully, accurately; and a sure command of the gesture and facial expression to play his Wanderer as a god in disguise rather than a disguised god. All the vital words were clearly audible, and the vocal effort was so distributed that he ended his evening in better voice than many predecessors. Visually, London presented a Wanderer suitably aged from his youthful antecedant, with a dignity of bearing that commanded respect even when he did no more than stand still. Details, doubtless, will be altered as time passes (his parting gesture to Mime in Act I might have been less abrupt, his reaction to Siegfried's brash inconsideration more deeply felt), but the long perspective of Wotans and Wanderers by London is something comforting to contemplate.

As between Paul Kuen's Mime and Hans Hopf's Siegfried (both new here), the pleasures of contemplation are unquestionably with the former. His brief appearance in "Rheingold" suggested that he has a voice of just the right timbre and flexibility for Mime, but his "Siegfried" characterization has to be seen to be fully appreciated. He is wholly at home in the suitable hovel provided for him in the Simonson setting, whether taunting Siegfried, rebuffing the Wanderer, or busily brewing a meal for himself as visual counterpoint to the forging of Nothung. This is a virtuoso effort that proceeds from a real affection for the character and a range of dramatic resources wide enough to convey servile flattery (when the hero he has raised has killed the dragon) or abject terror (when he realizes he has overreached himself).

Consideration of the hero himself is a moment to be delayed as long as decently possible. This is not because Hopf's performance is lacking in merit, but rather because the good things to be said relate, largely, to making a virtue of necessity. The best thing Hopf has done here since his Walther von Stolzing ten years ago? Definitely, yes. A really good Young Siegfried? As definitely, no. He manages, in Acts I and II, to exploit the low range of the writing to the soundest part of his register, while glossing over the need for ring and brightness in the upper tones, or a warm lyric sound in the Forest scene. He can summon a good blast of sound (rather than a blast of good sound) for the "Forging Song" and his action for it is convincing enough. But the determined agility with which he hurls his weight around, especially in Acts I and II, spoke more for determination than agility.

AS tends to be the case, what should be the climax of the whole, the third-act duet with Brünnhilde, was closer to an anticlimax. Neither in action nor voice did Hopf prove a suitable partner to as good a Brünnhilde as Miss Nilsson, who awoke in an ecstasy of sound both rich and compelling. Thus, despite the anti-vocal circumstances, she had a sure command of the full voice; but, like so many singers of the part before her, the sound didn't "speak" as well at a lower, more confidential level (as in "Ewig war ich")—meaning, simply, that Miss Nilsson still has a way to go in mastering the role's problem in timing.

Not to be overlooked, in the quality results the evening provided under Erich Leinsdorf's energizing direction, were Jean Madeira's darkly vibrant Erda, the strong Voice of the Forest Bird by Martina Arroyo, and Ralph Herbert's Alberich. Gottlob Frick groaned imaginatively as the audible counterpart of a not too visible dragon. This was a suitable preparation for Frick's Hagen in the following "Götterdämmerung." An Anthony Quinnish nose and a bushy black wig were all the props he required to suggest the half-Gibichung. The rest of the menacing character came from his voice, which is not as overpowering in mass as those of some Hagens have been, but is rich and even through its range, and always under control. Everything bespoke the experienced artist who could glower in the background or settle into a posture that made him the foreground of a "Hagen's Watch" as Stygian as the surroundings. Also an improvement over their predecessors were Walter Cassel's excellent Gunther and Gladys Kuchta's well-sounding Gutrune.

Mixed in with other matters was a "Walküre" with a new Wotan rather sooner than scheduled, if not expected: the physically imposing Randolph Symonette as replacement for the ailing Otto Edelmann. His is a voice of ample size and texture for the War Father, able to enunciate clearly the text of the second-act Narrative, and carry the vocal line fully through Act III. At moments, the full, forward thrust of sound stirred some thoughts of such a past Wotan as Friedrich Schorr: a not at all bad way for a Wotan to sound. Given fuller preparation (and his own costume rather than a borrowed one), Symonette could even improve on this able effort. Also new were the four baritone roles in "Contes d'Hoffmann" as portrayed by Morley Meredith in his debut. This was more notable for dramatic action than seductive sound, for Meredith's baritone came to the ear as somewhat reedy and nonresonant in this assignment.

In the five years since he first conducted the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall (March, 1957) Georg Solti has rubbed some of the abrasive from his treatment of symphonic music, added more than a little lustre to his name. But these elements were less than fully evident in his first program, in part because of the program itself. Most to his credit was the flow and detail of Leos Janacek's Sinfonietta of 1926, a work which hardly plays itself. Solti provided the helping hand that was wanted in his excellent tempi, a certain springy lightness of texture, a good propulsive rhythmic momentum.

However, what suceeded was a good deal more variable. John Browning's choice of the B flat Piano Concerto of Mozart (K.450) was a compliment to his taste, but his performance of it came more from the fingers than from the head or the heart: a rippling succession of pianistic effects which suggested the shape of the work but not, very much, its structure or meaning. As host, Solti deferred to the guest. But as master of his own musical preferences in the succeeding D minor Symphony (No.4) of Schumann, Solti tended to be leaden rather than merely firm in the allegros, and deliberate rather than leisurely or restrained in the "Romanze." —IRVING KOLODIN.

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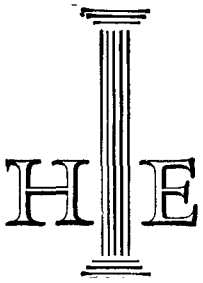

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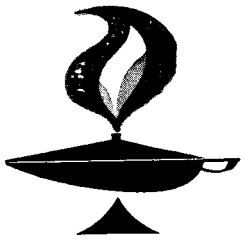
EDUCATION IN AMERICA



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Can Johnny Read?

TEACHING children to read is the most important single responsibility of the schools because all further education depends upon it, and a nation of illiterates can neither govern itself nor maintain itself as a civilized society.

All schools accept this responsibility, but in recent years the educational world has been torn by bitter controversy over the soundness of our reading programs and the quality of the results. The conflict came to public attention with the publication in 1955 of Rudolf Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read." The latest attack is "Tomorrow's Illiterates," sponsored by the Council for Basic Education.

The critics are convinced that reading instruction has gone to pot—that children today read less well than their ancestors, that the methods used in most of our schools are faulty, and that the blame lies with the educationists who have discouraged the teaching of phonics and have watered down the literary content of the textbooks used in our elementary schools.

Professional educators who defend the status quo insist that reading is taught better today than ever before, that the methods used in most of our schools are sound, and that the critics don't know what they are talking about. Obviously someone is badly mistaken.

The debaters cannot agree even on what they mean by "reading"—whether it is the art of identifying and pronouncing words or the ability to get meaning from a printed page. Nor do they agree about the basic facts that must underlie any sound program of reading instruction. Some critics contend that the average child has a vocabulary of 10,000 or more words when he enters school and needs only to learn to recognize and pronounce them when he sees them in print. But many professional educators estimate the child's vocabulary at a much lower figure—some put it as low as 2,500 words—and insist that a long period of "reading readiness," including vocabulary building, must precede reading instruction. When the experts are so far apart in their interpretation of the definitions and the basic facts (both sides cite "research" evidence) it is difficult for the layman to have much confidence in either group.

He cannot easily choose on the basis of the professional qualifications of the protagonists. The defense of the present system is led by professional educators who have devoted their lives to research in reading. On the other hand, Rudolf Flesch, foremost and most strident of the critics, holds a doctor's degree from Columbia's Teachers College and he too has spent many years studying the problems of reading. Other critics are university professors of English, and elementary reading teachers of long experience who report great success in their own classrooms with Flesch's phonics method or some variant of it.

Both groups write a great deal but they do not really communicate. The education professors write for professional journals which are not widely read even by teachers. The critics write for a more general public—their articles have appeared in many popular magazines and their books, notably "Why Johnny Can't Read," have sold by the hundreds of thousands. The professional educators write scathing denunciations of these popular books and find many errors in them but do not come squarely to grips

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with their central arguments. The critics, on the other hand, are prone to ignore the evidence offered by the educators. The arguments presented by the two sides bypass each other.

For the past year we have been trying to find, for our readers, a definitive article, written by someone able to stand above the fray, survey the facts calmly, tell us what it is all about, and advise parents, teachers, and school board members regarding what steps might be taken to improve the teaching of reading. We have been unable to find such an article. We receive many manuscripts on reading but all the authors who are informed on the subject seem to have chosen up sides and to have become polemicists better able to lash out than to evaluate. We do not think that further publication of polemics, on either side, is likely to lead to a solution of the problem, or even to its clarification.

We are not experts on the teaching of reading and do not profess to have read more than a small part of the vast literature on the subject. But we have read enough and have heard and seen enough to have reached some tentative conclusions:

►By any reasonable definition of reading the great *majority* of boys and girls today can and do read. If "Johnny" is taken to mean an average American child, the charge that "Johnny can't read" is arrant nonsense. He can and he does.

►A sizable *minority* of American children—no one really knows how many but estimates run to several million—reach the age of ten or twelve, and some reach high school, without being able to read well enough to qualify as literates. Because of lack of reliable data we do not know, with any degree of certainty, whether the percentage is increasing but there is ample evidence that nonreaders have always been with us and that they are found in all lands. Until education became compulsory the schools dealt with them by failing them and letting them drop out at an early age; but this solution is no longer possible and the result is that more of them now reach the upper grades where their limitations are more obvious.

►The widely heard charge that average reading ability has declined over the years must be labeled "unproved." There is not enough evidence to affirm or deny it. Such evidence as we have (none of it is based upon an adequate national sampling with comparable tests for the different periods) is conflicting and confused and has been interpreted differently by different people. The bulk of it seems to suggest that there has been some improvement in reading over the years but not as much as might have been predicted from the fact that the school year now is longer and teachers are better prepared.

►The important question is not whether Johnny reads better than his ancestors but whether he reads as well as he needs to and can learn to. We think the answer to this is a firm *no*. With better instruction the average performance can rise higher than it has ever been and the number of failures can be greatly reduced.

►Reading should be defined as the ability to comprehend the author's meaning. Learning to identify and pronounce words is only the first step.

►There is no *one* correct or sound method of learning to read. Successful teachers have always employed a variety of methods, children have learned to read in many different ways, and many bright children can read before they enter school. Enthusiasts for any one of the many systems which they have themselves invented can demonstrate remarkable results with their own children in their own classrooms because any of several methods will yield good results when used by a brilliant teacher devoted to her work. It does not follow that the same system should be universally adopted because it is far from certain that it will be equally effective with average teachers.

►Any sound system must include a way of attacking unfamiliar words. Until about 1925 this was provided for by the formal teaching of phonics but new procedures emerged which deemphasized phonics and included this approach only informally and when the teacher thought it was needed. Whatever may have been the intention of the reading specialists, it now seems clear that a great many teachers somehow got the impression that phonics was old-fashioned, and hence bad. The result was that many of the children who learned to read during the 1930s and 1940s learned no phonics at all or too little to be useful. Some of these are now teachers.

The efforts of some educators to discount phonics on the basis of "new discoveries in psychology" are based on specious reasoning and are not justified by Gestalt psychology or any other kind of psychology. It is true that an experienced reader grasps ideas rapidly from words or phrases as a whole. He pauses to analyze only when he encounters an unfamiliar word. But, to the child *learning* to read, many words are unfamiliar and a knowledge of phonics is essential. It should be included in every reading program and should be commenced early. It is not sound for the teacher to postpone phonics "until the child needs it" because, when he needs it, the teacher may not be present to help him.

►Once the child gets past the initial hurdles of learning to read, the material presented to him should be real literature. It should be selected in terms of his level of comprehension but the classics should not be rewritten to fit a word count for when they are rewritten they are no longer classics. Reading should be an elevating experience—one that permits the spirit to soar. There are numerous selections from great literature, and from scientific and political papers, that can be understood by children and these should be read in the original. It is not essential that the child understand every word; he will broaden his vocabulary by meeting new words in a context of familiar ones.

►The reading teacher of demonstrated competence should hold an honored place in the academic hierarchy and should be given freedom and responsibility comparable to that afforded the college professor. She should be free to use whatever methods she finds most successful with her own pupils. She must accept responsibility for results, but we do not think it wise to allow any single rigid system of instruction to be imposed by supervisors, research specialists, textbook makers, or anyone else.

All elementary teachers should be carefully selected, broadly educated, and professionally prepared, but even with this selection and education some will teach reading much better than others. Team teaching will make it possible for the successful ones to extend their talents to more children by spending less time on duties requiring a lesser degree of professional skill. Nongraded primary schools will make it possible for a reading teacher to work with the same children for more than one year.

Reading should not be a battleground. We hope that the specialists and critics of many persuasions will climb down from their barricades and quit taking pot shots at each other. If they will read more carefully themselves many of them will discover that they have been misinterpreting what their opponents are trying to say. We hope that they will regain their sense of balance, examine all the evidence more carefully, and quit beclouding the issues with wild charges and extravagant claims. —P.W.

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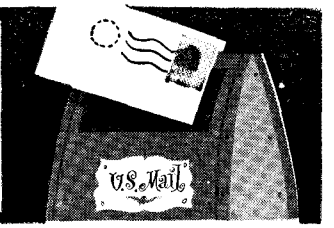
Letters to the Editor



MERIT PAY

I READ WITH increasing elation the article by Blaine Cooke on merit pay [*SR*, Dec. 16]. I have been in favor of the proposal for several years, but have never been able to marshall my thoughts sufficiently to knock holes in the arguments of the hundreds of people who seem to be vehemently against it. (Most of them not teachers, incidentally). I am memorizing the article.

I left public school teaching because of the lack of incentive—both monetary and intellectual. There are others besides me, I know, who would be glad to be judged and found wanting, and who would *not* receive merit pay, in order to see the educational level of our school system rise. Anyone who is truly interested in education, the future of our country, and/or the welfare of our children would be willing to see others with higher salaries in order to benefit the aforementioned causes.

After writing this, I read author Myers's article on merit pay [*SR*, Dec. 16]. It is not only older people who are against merit rating, but the "goof-offs" and the narrow-visioned, without whom the whole educational system would be better off.

MRS. ERIC L. WILSON.
Nashville, Tenn.

NOW IS THE TIME for the teaching profession to come of age with respect to merit raises. Professionals with comparable training and background in industrial organizations must submit to yearly merit reviews. If school teachers wish to maintain a high professional standard, they should be willing to be evaluated on a competitive basis.

ANN G. WOLSKY.
Lexington, Mass.

MERIT PAY proposals are attractive to many teachers. This award system would increase our salaries (if we attained the state of grace), provide incentive, and discourage poor teaching. With merit pay just over the horizon, everything is sweetness and light in the teaching profession.

I have only one request. Could I have Sigmund Freud, Horace Mann, and Jesus Christ on my evaluation board?

EDWARD RAYMOND,
Central High School.
Fargo. N. D.

IN THE DISCUSSION on merit pay for teachers we must always keep in mind *who* will do the evaluating. The public often views the schools as some sort of utopia for intellectuals far from the influence of day-by-day politics and the business world. The men who will do this evaluating of teachers will be a part of this never-never land. Of course this view is absolute nonsense. Our schools are crammed full of public relations men and organization men and these are the individuals that will determine merit. This is where we move on to very weak and dangerous ground. Will these administrators look for public relations-minded teachers? Will they grant merit to those who hand in their attendance registers without errors? Don't forget that in New York State these attendance registers rank even higher than milk money lists in importance! Frankly, in the present setup of American education, I can't see scholarship being rewarded. Hall patrol and winning coaching will probably gain the merit honors. I don't think inspired, intelligent teaching will count for a hill of beans.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD,
Department of History,
Ossining High School.
Ossining, N.Y.

THE EXCELLENT articles on merit pay by Blaine Cooke and Arthur Myers leave the impression that merit pay is an unusual feature in American education today. In my experience, any community trying to develop a better than average educational program must make use of some merit pay device. In Wayland about 20 per cent of the teachers receive up to $1,000 per year over their salary schedules for acting as subject leaders, center coordinators, or for working on curriculum and program during the summer. Naturally, the best qualified teachers are appointed to these positions. Other towns use similar devices (leadership programs, status positions) or wink at pay scales when making offers to applicants for hard-to-fill positions.

Merit pay is as inevitable as the law of supply and demand, which has never for long been legislated out of existence. Superior teachers are scarce. Communities must bid for superior teachers if they want them. In a few years, every community maintaining an educational program worth its salt will have some kind of merit pay scheme, call it what they will.

JOHN B. WILSON,
Member, School Committee.
Wayland, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For a well-reasoned statement of the case against merit pay, see page 44.*

SR's FOOTBALL AWARD

AS THE PRESIDENT of a college that lost 23 consecutive football games—until the very last game of the 1961 season—I was very much interested in the Letter to the Education Editor [*SR*, Dec. 16] suggesting that some kind of an annual award be given to the colleges with the "ten worst football teams in the nation." For a college located in a state which has gone stark mad over football such an award and the interpretation given by Mr. Hutchins would be most refreshing.

PAUL H. GIDDENS, President,
Hamline University.
St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For further information regarding 1961 football fortunes of ten other colleges and universities, see box below.*

CARL HANSEN

I READ WITH a great deal of interest and pleasure James D. Koerner's article about Superintendent of Schools Carl F. Hansen

(*Continued on page 64*)

Do Nice Guys Finish Last?

Last month [*SR*, Dec. 16] we received a letter from a reader named Norman Cousins suggesting that the *SR* Education Supplement establish annual awards for the ten colleges and universites with the worst football teams in the nation, on the theory than an institution with a poor football record might be putting its energies, resources, and enthusiasms in another direction. We did a little digging, and here's what we came up with for the 1961 football season. No team that we know of met Mr. Cousins's rigid standard of not scoring a single point.

	Games Won	Games Lost	Points For	Points Against
1. Brown University	0	7	24	245
2. Haverford College	0	6	36	194
3. Hardin-Simmons Univ.	0	10	53	377
4. University of Illinois	0	9	53	289
5. Colorado State Univ.	0	10	74	249
6. Knox College	1	7	62	227
7. Franklin & Marshall Col.	1	7	35	205
8. Monmouth College (Ill.)	1	7	45	212
9. Colorado State College	1	9	87	179
10. William & Mary College	1	9	125	279

Source: New York Times, November 27, 1961.

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ALBANY STATE:

A Teachers College in Transition

Our elementary and secondary teachers are prepared in 1,150 colleges and universities. Most of these institutions are not, and have never been, "teachers colleges"; they are colleges of all kinds and they include most of the nation's best institutions of higher learning. A minority, however, perhaps one-fifth of the total number, are colleges that once were normal schools and then, for a decade or two, were single-purpose teachers colleges before they expanded into general state colleges. It is, presumably, these which are meant when people speak vaguely of "teachers colleges."

Teachers colleges have had a bad press—they have been the target of bitter attacks in many books and magazine articles. Although any institution can profit from effective criticism which properly identifies the soft spots, many of the attacks on teachers colleges have been badly aimed and have included erroneous information regarding the curriculum required for teachers, the aptitudes of the students, and the qualifications of the professors.

Albany State, which is a part of the State University System of New York, is one of these teachers colleges in transition. It is by no means typical and any attempt to draw generalizations about all teachers colleges from this account would be mistaken. Albany State prepares teachers for only the secondary school level and consequently differs considerably from colleges that prepare elementary teachers. It differs even more from the state colleges in the Middle West and Far West, which faced less competition from prestigious private colleges and were able to make the transition from teachers colleges to general-purpose state colleges a decade or two ago.

David Boroff, author of "Campus U.S.A." (see EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF, *Oct. 21, 1961), is well known for his illuminating, intimate portraits of American colleges and universities including Harvard, Sarah Lawrence, Swarthmore, the University of Wisconsin, and other institutions. Boroff has been a high school teacher and is now an assistant professor of English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF

AMONG intellectuals the prevailing stereotype of the teachers college pictures an institution in which academically backward students, and a faculty more interested in methods than in scholarship, huddle together and chant the vaguely benevolent, intellectually enervating gospel of progressive education.

Albany State (the official name is "The State University College at Albany") stands in sharp contrast to this cruel stereotype. A school with high admission standards, a scholarly academic faculty, and a vital academic tradition, Albany enjoys what one of its professors wryly calls "a peculiar excellence." Another professor points out that Albany State is a *college* for teachers—not a "teachers college" with its nasty trade school implications. Now that teacher preparatory institutions everywhere are upgrading themselves it should be useful to try to determine just how good Albany State is—and what makes it good.

The fact that Albany State specializes in preparing high school teachers for the academic subjects enables it to escape from the intellectual inanition of those teachers colleges that must give much of their attention to preparing teachers for the nonacademic activities to which our schools give a considerable portion of their time. The school profits, too, from the absence in New York of a large state university in the Midwestern fashion. This means that many good students who are financially pinched go to Albany because it provides the closest equivalent to a free liberal arts education. (Many have to commit a kind of venial perjury by pretending to be interested in teaching.) But Albany State's intellectual muscle grows out of a long-standing tradition. In the center of the main corridor, there is an imposing statue of Minerva. It's an old statue and no doubt a little absurd standing there blocking the traffic between classes. But the goddess of wisdom is easily as much the patron saint of the school as any of the modern educators whom teachers colleges often canonize.

Albany State opened its doors in 1844 as a normal school to prepare teachers "in the science of education and in the art of teaching." Early courses were surprisingly like current ones except for the quaint nomenclature; e.g., "sanitary science" and "school economy," elevated these days to maintenance and educational administration respectively. There was a flurry of excitement during the Civil War when students and faculty marched off to battle in a company. There were other small touches of drama. Pulses were quickened when an alumna, the daughter of Millard Fillmore, became the First Lady at the White House. And a young Japanese made the long trip to Albany to study there, only to be beheaded subsequently in his native country. "Perhaps," a chronicler noted a little smugly, "he had learned too well the lessons in democracy in the Normal School." But generally the school's history was tranquil. Its graduates were modest upstaters who went out to teach and duti-

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fully reported their professional activities. A semicentennial jubilee in 1894 conjures up the atmosphere of the time in its florid verse:

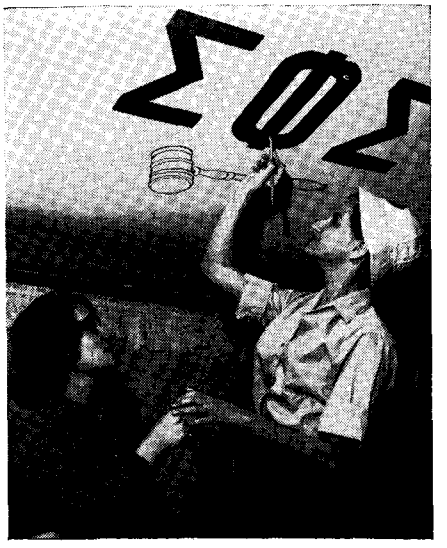
Succeed or die.
Teacher, was that thy creed?
The motto on thy banner, when thou camest
A soldier to the field?

The old school flavor still lingers in the musty buildings, with their archaically charming peristyle, the hortatory statue of Minerva, and the cavernous squalor of the cafeteria. Despite the fading of the heroic idiom of the 1894 jubilee, the students at Albany State still have some of the missionary zeal of their forebears.

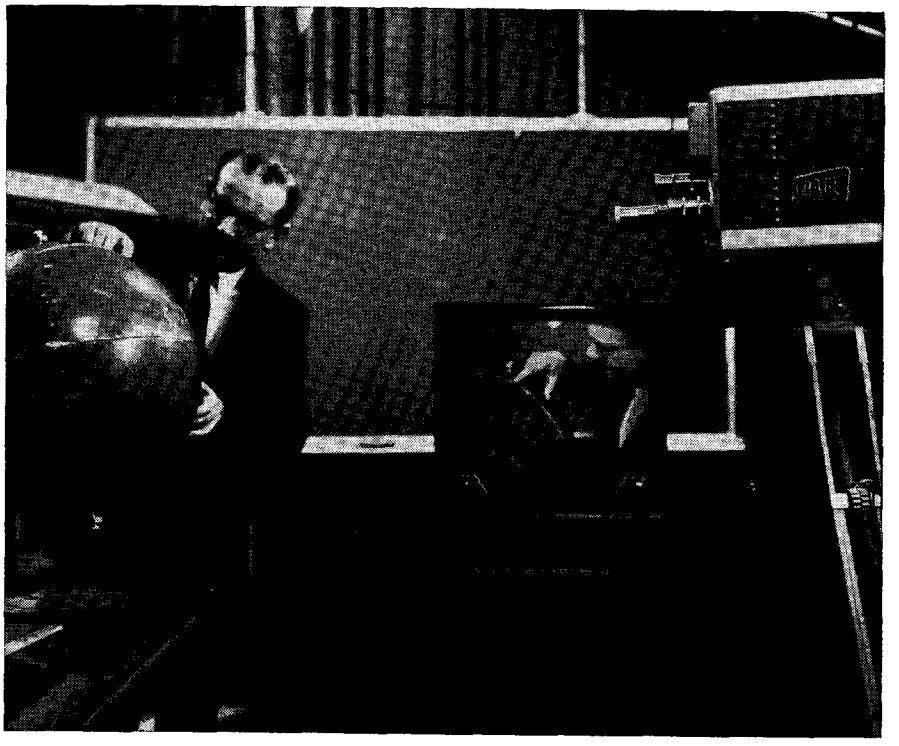
The college is located in downtown Albany on ten cramped acres with the usual parking headache and the inevitable insufficiency of space. The school recently rented an abandoned Presbyterian church, two floors of a warehouse, and a synagogue whose constituency has headed for the suburban hills. About a half-mile away is another ten-acre campus with residence halls and playing fields (the former a gift of none too affluent alumni). As if to remind the students of their "noble ministry"—the phrase comes out of the 1894 jubilee—the college is right in the heart of a lower middle class area. The students share their ball field and tennis courts with local people, and they behave toward each other with a kind of grudging politeness.

Despite these unpromising circumstances, the school's credentials are imposing. More than half of the current freshman class have scholarships. The school is swamped annually with 3,000 applications for 800 freshman openings. The median score of the entering class of 1961 was in the 96th percentile in a standard test for high school seniors. In the savage statistical game that colleges play to prove their worth, Albany State comes out surprisingly well. Among state-supported teachers colleges in the United States, Albany ranks first in the number of graduates who later earned doctorates in English, foreign languages, philosophy, chemistry, political science, and psychology. Among colleges of its size in New York, only Vassar surpasses it in the number of graduates who achieved doctorates.

Its achievements notwithstanding, Albany State's 2,900 students view themselves somewhat dolefully. The shadow of poverty falls over them. They feel keenly their school's slender prestige, its grubby campus, and lack of *èlan*. In a section of the country without a strong tradition of a state university, they sometimes feel like shabby wards of a niggardly state. (Tuition is free, but expenses are high these days and come to about $1,200 a year.) "I came here because I wanted to go away to college, and this is the only one I could afford," a boy said. And another youngster remarked: "It's sort of like high school plus." A professor crusading for an authentic state university fulminated: "Just take a look at the cafeteria. The students think this is what they deserve. Compare that with Michigan or Wisconsin. We're a second-class institution!" There is even a sense of being denied the ordinary corruptions of college life. "Listen," I heard a boy in a corridor ask his friend wistfully, "what are the chances of a State College basketball player getting caught in the point-shaving scandal?" "Are you kidding?" his companion responded dismissively.



"Extracurricular activity has as much hustle and bustle as one can find anywhere."



"A high proportion of the faculty is brimful of ideas."

This syndrome of self-contempt is exacerbated by town-gown hostilities. (The school should be heartened by the knowledge that even Harvard's patricians and Princeton's dandies are resented by local people.) Albany State is not imposing enough to inspire awe, nor friendly enough to win good will. There is local muttering about the expense to the state, and a resident once called a dorm to complain that their lights were on all night—"so this is how the taxpayer's money gets wasted!" A guileless freshman wearing his beanie downtown was accosted by a disgruntled citizen who asked, "How does it feel to be a leech on the state?" (Such an attitude in the Midwest is virtually unthinkable.) Student tipplers complain that tavern keepers badger them for proof of age but wink at the drinking of high school boys. And local newspapers are notorious for burying items about State in the back pages while they preen about what goes on at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute or Union, private institutions located nearby.

Most of Albany State's students are actors in a drama of upward social

(*Continued on page* 59)

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The Case Against Merit Pay

Last month SR published an article by Blaine Cooke stating the case for merit pay for teachers. When he read the article, Superintendent Charles H. Wilson, of Highland Park, Illinois, wrote us: "I disagree with everything Mr. Cooke says but envy his ability to say it—he almost convinced me. However, out of complete conviction, I continue to take the unpopular side of this question." In this article Mr. Wilson tells us why.

By CHARLES H. WILSON

UNLIKE sin, which everyone is against, everyone favors merit rating for teachers. Everyone, that is, but the recipients of this paternal benevolence—teachers themselves.

Why is it, one is impelled to ask, that of the hundreds of merit rating schemes advanced over the years, not one has originated with teachers? Why is it that not only the majority, but invariably the best teachers on any staff are among the most outspoken foes of merit pay? Why should the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers, who seldom agree on anything else, be so firmly united in opposition to merit rating? Why, when logic argues so persuasively as to seem irrefutable, is merit rating not only opposed but loathed by the great mass of teachers?

To attempt to answer these questions is not unlike trying to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. Common sense seems to argue overwhelmingly in behalf of merit differentials: some teachers are better than others; simple justice dictates that superior teachers should be rewarded above mediocre and inferior teachers; and if great teachers were paid according to merit, great people would be attracted to the profession. Who can object?

At the outset, let me put the commonsense sophistry of the merit raters to test: Do any of them propose to reward truly great teaching—assuming they can identify it—according to its *real* worth, say $100,000 or $200,000 a year?

The answer is obvious. What the merit raters talk about, alas, is a teasing little carrot at the end of the horse's nose. And not so teasing at that. Of the four merit salary schedules presented by Arthur Myers in *Saturday Review* (December 16) the maximums for the Bachelor degree levels are $6,400, $7,000, $7,350 and $8,500. Had Mr. Myers checked with neighboring Hartford, Connecticut's September report of 708 school districts in the United States, he would have found that three of his four listed maximums fell below 186 of these schools, that his lowest would have ranked 450th, that his highest listed maximum would have ranked only 29th along with Chicago, Illinois. The *average* teacher's salary in the district in which I am superintendent, with only a modest ranking of 66 on the Hartford study, is more than $400 higher than the bachelor's *maximum* listed for the school described by Mr. Myers as along the line of an "average Eastern Community."

But enough of the pretentious argument that merit pay brings the blessing of munificence to the teaching profession. Let us try to understand why merit rating is rejected, has always been rejected, and always will be rejected by teachers.

TO begin with, I think one important fact needs to be stressed: no one, apparently, wishes to debate the virtues of pure merit rating *versus* automatic increment schedules. Proponents of merit rating insist that they favor a decent standard of living for all teachers; and defenders of automatic salary schedules will concede that there are "letdowns" and "personal inadequacies" among teachers that should rightly be considered in determining salary. Hence, we are confronted with a paradox of agreement, the arguments revolving round the provision or "gimmicks" of one salary schedule *versus* the provisions or "gimmicks" of another.

As a case in point, the salary schedule maintained by our school district, and long supported by the teachers, clearly provides that increments for any teacher can be withheld for unsatisfactory service. In a nearby district, whose salary schedule has often been referred to in educational literature as a good example of merit rating, no teacher advances without administrative recommendation. Yet a comparison of the two systems once revealed that approximately the same percentage of teachers "failed to advance" on one schedule as were "withheld" on the other.

By and large, all discussions pro and con in professional circles boil down to differences in rating techniques, or what I choose to call "gimmicks." Moreover, it is disconcerting to observe in school districts that maintain no salary schedule how closely the salaries resemble those of surrounding districts that *do* maintain schedules. Indeed, I have observed that the chief advantage in a nonschedule district is the freedom to outbid neighbors for beginning teachers; and often the young teacher thus lured by a few additional dollars intends to teach only for a year. The unspoken truth of the matter, from all available evidence, is that districts not maintaining salary schedules simply rely upon the standards of surrounding districts that do.

None of this, however, accounts for the teacher's antagonism to merit pay. Nor does it answer any of the questions commonly arising in the public's mind: Don't teachers vary in ability? Shouldn't superior teachers be rewarded? Aren't people evaluated in other occupations: Business? Industry? Labor? The professions?

To answer any of these questions in the negative is a confession of ignorance. But to answer them in the affirmative is no more intelligent. In the practice of medicine, for instance, doctors are seldom, if ever, supervised by superior officers. Similarly, in law, with the possible exception of large partnerships, there is little evaluation by ranking professionals and none for salary purposes. Elsewhere, conditions vary widely: baseball players are presumably paid according to merit; but research engineers on government missile projects are employed on fixed salaries. Salesmen are rewarded largely by merit, but it is an easy job to count sales; and today more and more salesmen are employed on fixed salaries.

In business and industry, to which merit raters generally point for example, one finds inconsistencies of staggering magnitude. In the first place, it is rare that two persons doing precisely the same job in business or industry earn greatly different salaries, certainly no more than two teachers with varying degrees of training and experience. Moreover, if it were true that merit governs salary in business and industry, then it may fairly be asked why women are seldom rewarded equally with men, or why so much is heard of nepotism and favoritism in both large and small enterprises. For the most part, salary differentials in business and industry are

(*Continued on page* 62)

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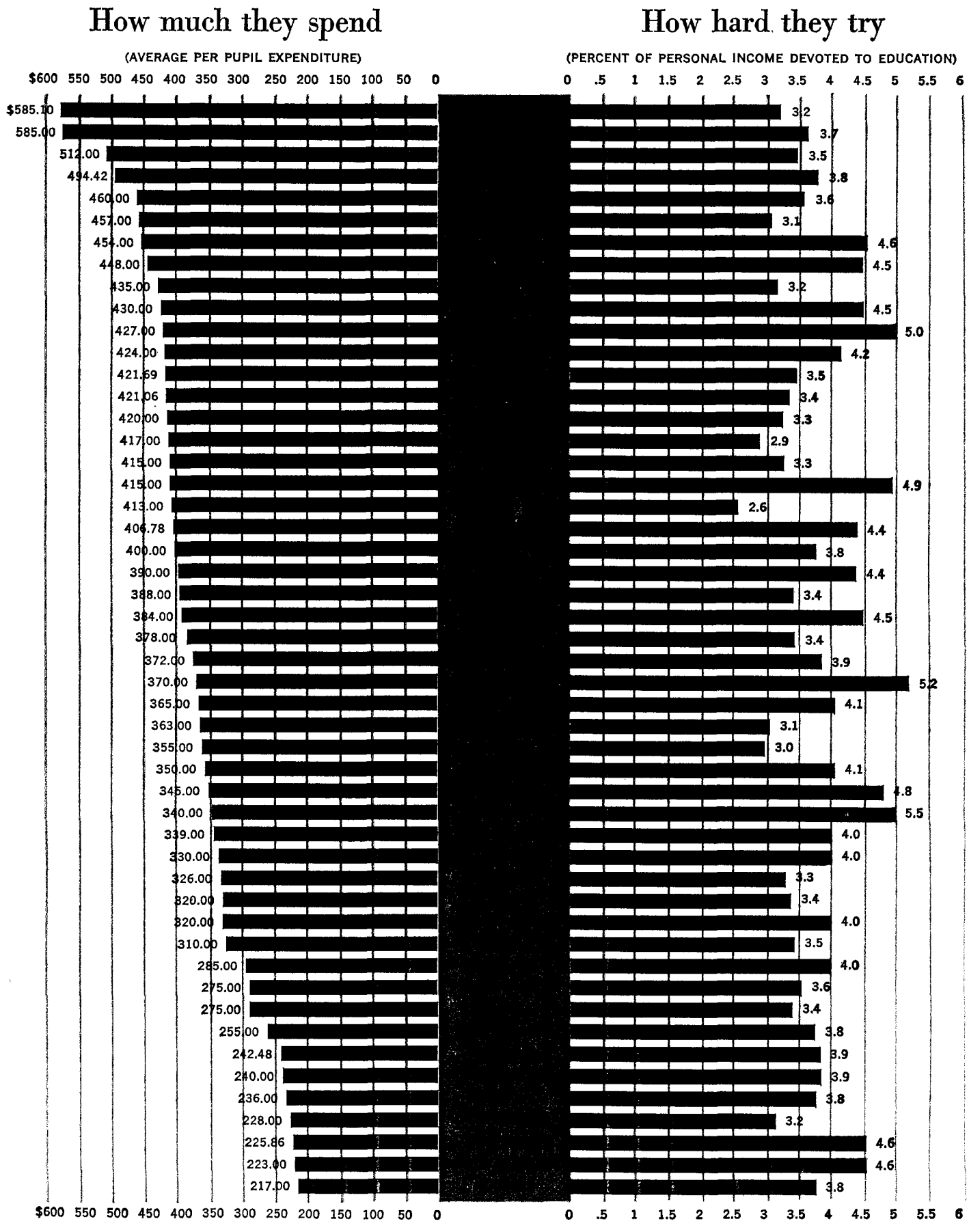
State and Local Support of Public Education

1960-1961



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JOHN H. FISCHER: New Pilot for T. C.

By TERRY FERRER, *education editor, New York Herald Tribune.*

AT THE corner of 120th Street and Broadway in New York City stands "The Fortress," a red sandstone-and-brick complex of aging buildings known familiarly as "T.C." In the academic world, T.C. means Teachers College, Columbia University, sounding board for the educational philosophies of the late John Dewey, cradle of Progressive Education, long-time sole arbiter of teacher training, and, more recently, pedagogic Tower of Babel.

Through T.C.'s arched hallways still come faculty murmurings of "teaching the whole child," "learning by doing," "teaching the child, not the subject," and all the language of the progressive, permissive and pragmatic Dewey and post-Dewey eras. Accepted dissertations for the doctorate of education have included such actual titles as "A History of Competitive Rowing in Colleges and Universities of the United States of America" or "Integrating School Lunch into the Elementary School Curriculum" or "The Cooperative Selection of School Furniture to Serve the Third Grade Program in the Garden City Public Schools."

But other, clearer voices have been heard of late. They speak of intellectual competence, of tougher admissions and higher standards, of disciplining the mind, of more academic and fewer how-to courses, of valid research and experimentation.

For the past three years, these voices have been getting louder. And after next July 1, the babel may well subside to one clear voice—although there is no guarantee that it will not be honestly and lucidly opposed.

The revolution at The Fortress has already begun. In 1959, a stocky, slightly graying man of forty-eight who had been superintendent of schools in Baltimore, was appointed dean of Teachers College. John Henry Fischer had received his doctorate from T.C. only eight years before. The title of his dissertation was prophetic: "A Plan for Reviewing and Revising the Program for the Preparation of School Executives at Teachers College, Columbia University."

Last month, Dean Fischer moved up

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

President-elect Fischer of T.C.

to the top job at T.C. He was elected its sixth president to take office in July.

Practical, independent, and outspoken, Fischer has already brought a new look to T.C. and, more important, to its educational philosophy. Unlike the old-time teachers-college man, he frankly believes in federal aid to education and in a national advisory council on education "for deliberate, concerted, national effort to improve our schools." As an alternative, he can see only the disastrous continuation of present "second or third-rate schools." (As a rule, T.C. men defend all schools as symbols of democracy, and therefore first-rate.)

AS DEAN, he has raised entrance requirements to the 5,300-student college. "You used to be able to get into Teachers College with a B-minus, but there were many, many exceptions," he said recently. "Now we admit no one with less than a B average from a college and there are almost no exceptions. We have also upgraded the standards in courses and papers, and changed and stiffened the final oral examinations on doctoral projects." A new two-year program leading to the Master of Education has been started under Fischer, as well as a new Division of Research and Field Services.

More controversially, at least for the old Progressive Educationists, Fischer took the occasion of his first major policy speech as dean to knock the concept of "the whole child." He said that "the argument is sometimes offered that since the school teaches the whole child, it must therefore be responsible for all of the services the child needs in his development." Instead, he argued, priority must be given to "intellectual competence" in the school, rather than to developing it as a center of "entertainment, civic development, and charitable enterprises."

But Fischer is not ready to throw away entirely the progressivism which once made T.C. the fountainhead of pedagogy. "What has been happening here as well as in some other places," he said the other day, "is that people became so fearful of losing the gains of the 1920s and the 1930s that they dug in to old ground, and they still don't see the advantage of taking new ground. We still have not attained perfection. But many reforms which came in progressive education came from discoveries which are still valid—such as that each child is different. These facts cannot be unlearned."

THE new "expression of progressivism," Dr. Fischer continued, "is experimentation. While some people will view coming changes in teacher education as a further swing to the right, what we will actually see in the 1960s is a new kind of progressivism—how you relate discipline to a learner, for example. This is today's progressive education."

Turning specifically to his own college, President-elect Fischer made it clear that the 1960s will bring even greater changes. Because it has been on the defensive for the old Progressivism, T.C., significantly, has not shared in recent major foundation grants to improve teacher education.

In 1959, for example, the Ford Foundation gave more than $9,000,000 for this purpose to nine colleges and universities. Ford detailed that the gifts should be used for more liberal and less professional education for teachers, for more direct relationships between public-school systems and teacher-training colleges through the use of paid teaching internships, and for development and use of new techniques such as teaching teams, television, and film and tape.

While Harvard, Chicago, Brown, Stanford, and Wisconsin got the lion's share of the Ford grants, T.C. was

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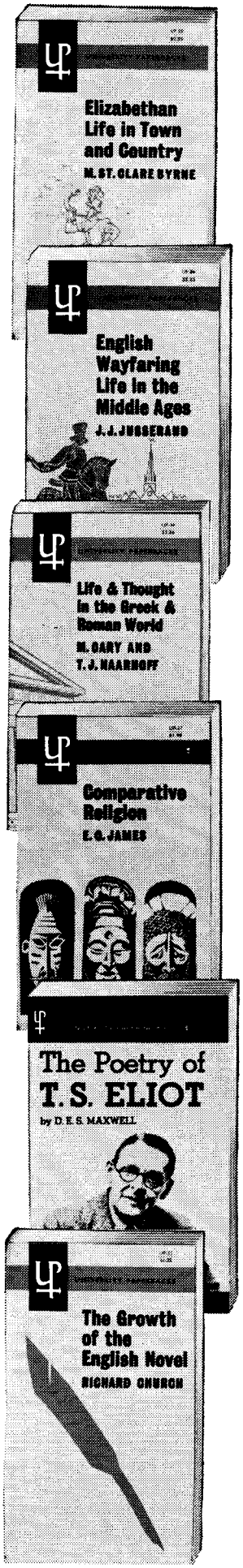
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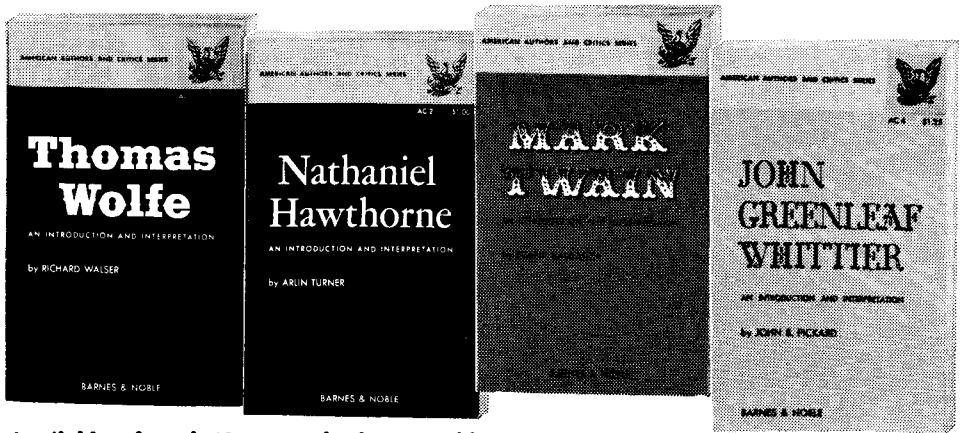

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conspicuous by its absence from the list.

Fischer's plans for T.C. ought to make it eligible the next time around. Here are his four major points:

1. "We will pay more attention to subject matter in the preparation of teachers, in fact, we already are. But we will be dealing with content fields as differentiated disciplines. The study of history will not be simply as dates and trends, but as a way of distinguishing between events and reports of events, how decisions are made by the individual or the community. We want to make the student think as a historian thinks.

"In science too, we will not just teach the balancing of chemical equations or the chart of the elements, but how to think as a scientist thinks—what is acceptable as scientific evidence. You've got to see chemistry not just as a collection of equations, but how to use it. Dewey? Certainly, it's pure Dewey."

2. "We must give increased attention to educational technology—everything from open-circuit television to teaching machines and beyond that to devices not invented yet. We are already working with the 8-millimeter film, which may be the paperback of educational films.

"We haven't given as much attention to testing this hardware as to promoting it. We must look at it philosophically, psychologically, analyze its use. The huge Midwest Airborne Television Project (which beams lessons from an airplane) will be just educational crop dusting if we are not careful, if we don't discriminate in its use."

3. "We must have a closer relationship with Columbia University—more shared and joint professorships and more joint programs. There is need for a good doctorate of education here as well as a good Ph.D. in education at the university. The Ph.D. should test competence in research and scholarship. The Ed.D. should be more practical and functional, not just a report of the work done but a critical piece of work with conclusions and proposed solutions."

4. "We must give greater attention to the special problems of urban education. We haven't studied them nearly as much as we should. We must focus on such problems as how to educate children in the lower third of the I.Q. scale as we measure it. Only a few years ago, these city kids were dismissed from school at the age of twelve or thirteen—and from our minds. We can no longer afford this neglect."

This last point is perhaps the most interesting. In the past, T.C. has been criticized for closing its eyes to urban schools surrounding it and for sending most of its graduates away from New York City, which surely has more than its share of urban educational problems.

To Dr. Fischer, coming to T.C. from an urban system, these problems must be the concern of his institution. It is safe to say that he will not attack them flamboyantly, for he was noted in Baltimore for his quiet but efficient handling of the most delicate problems.

Dr. Fischer had been Baltimore's superintendent only a year when the United States Supreme Court handed down its school desegregation decision of 1954. He issued no dictums, made no high-sounding statements. He did make it plain that all schools were to be open to all students, Negro or white. When he found out that segregation-minded parents were planning to keep white children at home, he ordered absent pupils marked as truants. The schools desegregated, and the following year Dr. Fischer won the Hollander Award for Contribution to Racial Relations. He still attributes the successful integration to "an informed community."

THE president-elect served Baltimore's schools for almost thirty years as teacher and administrator before going to Teachers College. He holds a teacher's diploma dated 1930 from Maryland State Teachers College in Towson, a bachelor of science degree from Johns Hopkins, and his masters and doctoral degrees from T.C. He was married in 1934 to the former Norma Frederick, and they have two sons, both of whom plan to teach.

Sixty-three years ago, John Dewey wrote in "The School and Society" that we must "make each one of our schools an embryonic community life, active with types of occupations that reflect the life of the larger society and permeated with the spirit of art, history, and science."

If the old Progressive Educationists ran away with the ball on this Deweyism, the new progressivism can still apply the word as Dewey meant it. Teachers College for years has not reflected "the life of the larger society" in terms of its physical environment nor in terms of modern educational progress with which it has been loath to keep step, let alone lead as it once did.

The old Fortress can never again be the sole dispenser of the gospel of teacher-training; there are now too many forward-looking institutions of pedagogy for one to dictate.

But under the quiet, compelling leadership of President Fischer, T.C. can again become a strong and telling force for excellence in training tomorrow's teachers.

Fischer on Teachers and Teaching

MANY PROPOSALS for improving American schools deal with secondary factors but ignore the basic truth that good schools are the places where good teachers teach. This is not to say that physical facilities, effective supporting services, and sensitive administration are unnecessary. They are, obviously, and for sound reasons; but the essential element in the excellent school is always the excellent teacher.

There are, of course, almost as many explanations of what makes a teacher competent as there are descriptions of good teaching. But most of the inventories of desired characteristics include personality, cultural background, knowledge of the subjects to be taught, knowledge of students and their behavior, command of teaching technique, and that mysterious manifestation of these and other qualities that can only be called artistry. Because the highest artistry in teaching is so rare and so elusive, it is sometimes argued that teachers cannot be made but must be born. It is apparently true that some of the qualities of the best teachers, as of the best painters, or architects, or surgeons, are inherited. But such evidence does not disprove the value of training, for all artistry involves both talent, which appears to be innate, and discipline, which is always learned.

Too much of the talk about teaching deals in absolutes that are not pure and opposites that are not in conflict. . . . The problem of identifying what makes a teacher effective will not be solved by posing false dichotomies or demolishing straw men. . . .

Excellence in education is pursued most successfully where excellence in teaching has already been attained. Professional preparation for teaching, far from being outmoded as some suggest, is more necessary now than it ever has been. . . . To accept the purpose of universal education as America now does—as indeed it must—and at the same time to seek the best development of each student's possibilities is to undertake a complicated task. It is no job for amateurs.

—From the "Annual Report, Teachers College, 1960-61."

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Protestant Parochial Schools

When the word "parochial" is applied to a school many people take it to mean "Catholic." But this is a misinterpretation. A parochial school is one maintained by a parish or by a religious body and may be of any denomination. In this article the Reverend Willoughby Newton, chaplain of Kent School in Connecticut, raises some important questions about the quality of Protestant parochial education.

By WILLOUGHBY NEWTON

THE WIDESPREAD attention given to recent enrollment increases in the public schools has obscured the fact that parochial schools are growing still more rapidly. Even less well known is the fact that, since 1941, the Protestants have founded one and a half times as many day schools as the Roman Catholics. These new schools have been established by nine different denominations, with Episcopalians, Lutherans, and Seventh Day Adventists leading the list.

The 1960 edition of "Sargent's Handbook of Private Schools" lists 470 that have affiliation with the various Protestant denominations. Two hundred seventy of these are distinctly day schools and of these at least one-quarter have been founded in the last twenty years.

We need not be alarmed by the number—I take it as a presupposition that good parochial education is a good thing, and we can thank God and take courage that there are so many parish day schools offering it. But we must be concerned about quality; the Church has no business dabbling in education unless it attempts to offer the best possible, which is at the same time an education with the knowledge of God firmly and unapologetically at its center. There is absolutely no justification for, and we should have no truck with, playing at secular education in the church basement.

The difference between a Christian education and a secular education is an essential one. It is not a difference in quality (for the Christian school must maintain the highest standards of academic achievement). The difference is one of kind. It begins with first principles and permeates every phase. They both work with the same material and with equal competence, but Christian education sees literature, history, and science and the other disciplines in the context of the life of man under God, or God's continual revelation of himself and of his will to man, and of man's attempt to understand that revelation and his own life. The problems of literature, the events of history, and the discoveries of science gain an increased significance in themselves and become meaningfully interrelated when they are understood in the light of the activity of the God who is the creator, redeemer, and sanctifier of man.

By way of oversimplification, it can be said that a secular education strives to *in*form men; a Christian education to form them. For Christian education is concerned with the integrity, in the fullest possible sense of that word, of the student. It is concerned with the complete person, with his heart and his soul as well as his mind, for wholeness and holiness are inexorably interwoven. That this is the concern of many of our parochial schools, especially of recent foundation, is seriously open to question.

The questioning begins where the problem begins: at the motivation for the establishment of these schools. Many pastors, prodded by ambition or parents or the Church's governing body, will found a school with nothing more to qualify them than a vaguely pious interest in so-called Christian education and a dissatisfaction with the local public school. They have neither a philosophy nor a theology of education. Indeed, the absence of experience and training, and often of wisdom and understanding, proves no obstacle to the enthusiasm of the educational do-it-yourselfer.

—*The Times of London.*

"Education is a serious business, and amateurs should beware."

In many cases they are led to undertake the project as a by-product of what has been called the "edifice complex" of modern Protestantism. Parishes peppered across the nation have been and are engaged in expanding their plants, and enchanted as we are with the problems of Sunday school education, we include in these new plants an educational building or parish house. Clever promoters and careful planners alike see that the investment of impressive sums in such structures, which but for Sunday school and an occasional meeting will stand idle through the week, lacks proper justification. They are prompted to suggest the starting of a day school, and away they go.

With no great expenditure of ingenuity, they are able to publish persuasive reasons for the undertaking. Apart from the practical one of making the investment worth while, they generally marshal two others. The first is the need to cope with the problem of religious illiteracy among the young by offering an education with a light lacing of religious instruction. The second is the need to cope with what is thought to be the disintegration and inadequacies of public instruction. That there are often other and less commendable reasons which are not publicized is readily apparent and disquieting.

That many of the Protestant parochial schools of most recent foundation are in the South is illustrative of the problem of mixed motives. There is no question that many of these schools are the result of the earnest concern of good people for the education of their children in an area where public education has long and notoriously suffered from malnutrition. Then, too, it is true that the economic development in the South with the increase in the number of Southerners who can be both proud and prosperous has increased the demand for private education in an area where private education has been largely synonymous with church-affiliated

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education. Nevertheless, there is also behind this increase in parochial schools the desire to avoid the responsibilities and consequences of integration in the public schools.

Most educators seem agreed that the impact of integration on public education in the South will be a formidable one, both educationally and socially, and that at the beginning at least the impact will be negative, creating more problems than it solves. That individuals may be justified under our system in seeking relief from this impact and its problems by sending their children to private schools is apparent, but for the Church to become a partner in this by creating jerry-built parochial schools destined to become educational slums raises questions of a serious moral nature. These questions cannot be answered unless they are squarely faced.

This is not to suggest that the increase in the number of parochial schools in the North or the West is less questionable. The reasons for the increase are less provocative, perhaps, but where the odor of snobbery and escapism lies heavy, and private education is promoted as an instrument of status, there is no freedom from moral accountability.

IF the moral implications of this phenomenon are a cause for concern, there are other problems of a more practical nature that are no less disquieting. The first of these is the role and responsibility of the pastor. Almost invariably he is responsible for the parochial school; seldom has he the training or the time which adequate supervision require. I hope I will not be thought ungracious if I note that the training of clergy is often inadequate for the multiplicity of duties they are called on to perform. There is nothing in the education provided by college or seminary that immediately qualifies a man for educational leadership, and, unlike most people involved in either public or private education, the pastor organizing or running a parochial school starts at the top and has little chance to learn from experience. The pressure of other parochial duties, and sometimes his own incapacity, generally preclude the possibility of his becoming properly qualified to function adequately as the head of a school.

Indeed, the pressure of duties and the limitations of time are another burden to the pastor-headmaster. In a recent advertisement for an Episcopal parochial school, the information was given that the school is "under the direction of the Rector." And, so it appears, are over 1,700 parishioners, three assistant clergy, an organist, and, one may assume, the plethora of parochial organizations and diocesan commitments that bear heavily upon the time, talent, and temper of the rector of a large parish. In such situations it is easy to see that the school might need much more direction than it gets, and the parish might become restive under the justified assumption that, after all, the school is not the primary concern of the pastor.

THE problem in part is of organization. In many cases the problem is solved by appointing an administrative head for the school who has had training and experience as an educator. Even then the adjustment of areas of responsibility is sometimes a ticklish one. The point where the rector's "direction" ends and the administrator's supervision begins is a hard one to determine. Then, too, the governing body of the parish is often reluctant to relinquish its control, and so it keeps a close surveillance over the policy as well as the plant. Often the matter is further complicated by the creation of a supplementary school board to take more direct responsibility for the operation of the school. The possibilities for confusion here are many, especially in the matter of finance.

The ramifications of the financial aspects of the project are widespread and vital. Almost inevitably, parochial schools start as shoestring operations, and they seldom evolve to a point at which finances are not a pressing problem. Since parishes are reluctant to assume the full or even a large part of the expense of such an operation, once having provided the plant, the school must be, for the most part, self-supporting. This raises two difficulties.

The first is the difficulty of maintaining an adequate salary scale to attract competent and qualified teachers. Except in a very few cases Protestant parochial schools cannot rely on teaching orders to supply the demand for instructors, and so they must compete with all other institutions of learning for the supply of teachers available. The salary scale in public schools is, however inadequate, generally higher than that maintained by parochial schools. As a result, many of the classrooms in parish day schools are presided over by persons not fully dependent on their salaries. While many of these are well-trained and gifted teachers, many also are untrained, poorly trained, and uninspired. They are often well-intentioned ladies who are happily able to mix their avowed love of children with supplementing the family income and getting out of the house five days a week. Clearly, this is not the best way to insure the quality of instruction.

The second difficulty created by the penury of parochial schools is the effect upon admissions policy. The problem of admissions is a thorny one for any school, however affluent and independent, but it is intensified for the parish school. The tuition must be kept within the reach of those in the parish or the community who wish to avail themselves of the opportunities offered. Whom, then, does one admit? The child of any parishioner who can afford the tuition? Only those children shown to be competent scholars, whether they can pay or not? There would seem to be little justification for the parish to offer education to the privileged who are not competent and to ignore the competent who are not privileged. Does one admit children from other parishes, other denominations? Does one admit non-Christians? The difficulty of maintaining a full enrollment in order to meet the operating budget is a serious one, and it is accentuated in the parochial situation where so many forces other than monetary are at play.

THESE are but a few of the problems involved in the establishment of parish day schools. While many of these problems are faced by other types of schools of private and independent foundation, they are less easily faced in the context of meaningful parish life. That they have been faced and solved with some success by many schools is evident. But in parishes where day schools are being created and perpetuated by entrepreneurs who proceed from questionable motivation, who know little about education in general, and who have no insight into Christian education in particular, the problem must become insurmountable and lead to the abject surrender of both principles and standards.

Education in our time, as in all time, is a serious business, and it is the business of serious men and women, alive to their responsibilities to the young people committed to their charge and to the God whose children they ultimately are. Amateurs should beware. The Church particularly must avoid offering under the guise of Christian education that which, in fact, is neither education nor Christian. Unless it really knows what it is about and why it is about it, unless it truly understands the nature and role of the Christian school, unless it utilizes the best-trained Christian educators available, not mistaking enthusiasm and piety for talent and insight, it would do well to expend itself in the areas of its more immediate concern. For the Church merely to dabble in education is inexcusable; for it to perpetrate an educational fraud is unpardonable.

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NOBODY ASKED ME, BUT . . .

The ancient debate between academic scholars and professional educators about the best means of educating teachers reached new heights of acrimony in the 1950s. When a conference of both groups was called at Bowling Green University in 1958 it was like asking the Hatfields and the McCoys to get together for a Sunday dinner. Yet this conference, and others that followed it at Kansas and San Diego, made progress toward reaching new agreements that will provide the basis for teacher education in the years ahead.

"The Education of Teachers," by G. K. Hodenfield and T. M. Stinnett (Prentice-Hall 175 pp. Cloth $3.95, paperback $1.95), is an account of what happened at these conferences and an up-to-date analysis of where the controversy stands today. Stinnett is executive secretary of the National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards of the NEA. Hodenfield is education writer for a major newspaper wire service with no ties or loyalties to either the academic scholars or to the teacher educators. His reporting has three times won him the School Bell Award "for distinguished service in the interpretation of education." The following article, in which Hodenfield states his own conclusions, is adapted from one of his chapters in the book.

By G. K. HODENFIELD

PART of the fun of going to a baseball or football game is the opportunity to second-guess the manager or find fault with the way the quarterback is running the team. You can stay aloof from the practicalities, the responsibilities, and the pressure, and let sheer logic prevail. If you're right, there's a wonderful feeling of self-satisfaction, and the opportunity to say, "I told you so." If you're wrong, who's to know?

As a working newspaperman whose beat is education, I covered three national conferences on teacher education—what it is and what it ought to be. The conference participants included the professors of teacher education and their most bitter and articulate foes, the academic scholars. They discussed methods and subject matter, certification and accreditation, academic majors, recruitment and selection of future teachers, practice teaching, and graduate work. However they might have differed in terms of hours and courses and methods and subject matter, all were striving to draw blueprints for an ideal program of teacher education.

Like any grandstand quarterback worthy of the name, I have some strong convictions on what teacher education ought to be. And if these ideas aren't completely original, if they are only a summary of what I think were the most promising proposals made at the three conferences—well, that's the way a grandstand quarterback gets to be the expert he is.

I would start off by first seeing to it that all "good" teachers were paid a minimum of $12,000 a year. I am not sure just what I mean by "good," but I should think it would mean someone who had the equivalent of a masters degree, five or six years of classroom experience, and a dedication to teaching as a full-time career. This is going to be expensive, particularly with such a loose definition, but I know of no other way to lure into the teaching profession the kind of student I want. It is quite likely that such a salary scale would reward many teachers who do not deserve such rewards, but my plan would have all undeserving teachers weeded out of the schools in a generation or so. My $12,000 minimum salary is going to attract so many excellent teacher candidates that there will be no openings for the less-than-excellent, and it will make it well worth-while for them to tackle the rough and tough program of preparation I have in mind.

Next, I would set up a five-year undergraduate program, the equivalent of at least 150 semester-hours of work (compared to the present four-year program of 120 semester-hours). Every future teacher, whether aiming for elementary-school or high-school teaching, would be required to have a solid major, in the neighborhood of sixty semester hours. For secondary-school teachers, this major would be in the subject which they plan to teach; elementary-school teachers would major in one of the humanities.

In addition, every teacher candidate would have a minimum of forty semester-hours of English, because every teacher is, to some extent, a teacher of English. I expect these teachers of mine to demand considerable written work from their students, no matter what courses they are teaching. It may be a bit difficult for an algebra teacher to assign very much in the way of written themes, but it should be done wherever possible.

Every prospective teacher also needs a thorough foundation in psychology, with emphasis on child growth and development. I suppose this ought to total nine to twelve semester-hours. He also needs about six hours in the history and philosophy of education. As a matter of fact, I would require both of these courses of all college students. Nearly all students will become parents eventually and will need to know something about child psychology, and certainly every adult American needs to have an understanding of the history and philosophy of education, whether as a parent, a taxpayer, or just as a citizen. Education is too important to be ignored by any segment of our population.

Thus far we have used up about 115 of our 150 semester hours, although those students majoring in English would have another forty free hours. (I will get to them in a moment.) Those who have concentrated in the sciences should use much of their remaining time studying the humanities, and those who have concentrated in the humanities should do some studying of science. Any time left over should be used for courses they want to take just for the fun of it.

I would encourage—almost to the point of insistence—every prospective teacher majoring in English to take

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forty hours in *one* foreign language. Thus, all future foreign language teachers would have sixty hours of the language and forty hours of English, and all future English teachers would have sixty hours of English and forty hours of a second language. The teaching of both English and the foreign language would be vastly improved.

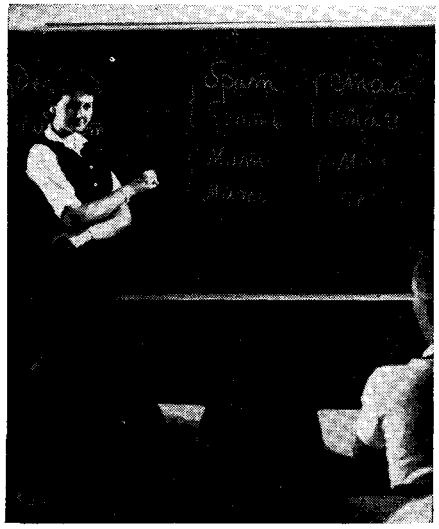
Throughout this five-year program, the students would be "exposed" to children of different ages. It might be on the playground, in youth clubs, or in the classroom. During this period they could decide with which age level they want to work after they have their certificates—and they may decide, too, that they do not really like children and ought to get into another field.

At the end of the five years, my student would be given a special degree. I am not sure what the degree should be called; it ought to carry more weight than just a Bachelor of Arts; it cannot be Bachelor of Arts in Teaching because such degree holders would inevitably be called "Old BATs"; and it cannot be Master of Arts in Teaching, because they are not yet masters.

During the summer between the awarding of this degree and the starting of the school year in the fall, the prospective teachers would spend nine weeks in summer school. Here they would get short but concentrated courses in such things as the use of audio-visual aids, tests and measurement, and materials. This also would be a good time for them to get an introduction to the various methods of teaching they will need to know.

Come fall, my students begin a year of internship. This does not mean sending them out to just any old school to do their student teaching. They are sent to carefully selected schools to work under the supervision of specially trained teachers. The supervising teacher is all-important here; I do not want my students picking up bad habits from bad teachers. During their fourth or fifth year in college, their "exposure" to children has been in the classroom, at the grade level at which they expect to teach. After maybe six weeks of working with the supervising teacher in the classroom, they take responsibility for the class for the remainder of the school year—but always with the help and guidance of the supervisor. Because the students are taking over the classroom, they should be on salary. I should think $4,000 would be about right.

Naturally, we have been weeding out the incompetents as we go along. No grade below a B minus would be accepted for any course in the student's major, and no grade below a C would be accepted for anything. Those who are not mentally, physically, or emotionally equipped for the classroom would be eased from the program. The year of internship is the last major check point. If the student shows that he just does not qualify as a teacher, he is denied a recommendation for a license, and what my teacher education institution recommends is the final word with the state certification authorities. This may be harsh treatment for a young man or woman who has spent six years preparing for a career, but the welfare of the children he would be teaching is far more important than the career of any individual. In any event, it is not likely that the incompetents are going to survive the first five years of the program.



"Future foreign language teachers would have sixty hours of the language and forty hours of English."

At the end of the internship, the student teacher and his supervisor know his strengths and weaknesses, so we bring him back to college for a year of graduate work. It may be that the secondary-school teacher wants or needs more depth in his subject of specialization. Perhaps the elementary-school teacher finds that he is weaker than he supposed in history or in geography, or feels he needs more psychology. Perhaps our student teacher finds he has an aptitude for teaching remedial reading, or for working with retarded children, or for teaching gifted students in accelerated classes. Whatever he needs to give him the finishing touches as a really "good" teacher, we give him. I am not concerned with whether these graduate courses are in the graduate or undergraduate school; I want to be sure only that he is getting the courses he needs. In the same way, I am not concerned with whether the courses throughout his preparation have been given by the professional educators or the scholars, in the school of education or the college of liberal arts. I want to be sure only that he gets the best possible teachers and the best possible courses.

Now, indeed, is our teacher ready for an advanced degree, such as Master of Arts in Teaching. Perhaps we could stretch a point and call him a Master of the Fine Art of Teaching. When he embarks on his career as a full-fledged teacher he should receive a salary of about $7,000 a year. Satisfactory performance in the classroom (and by this I mean more than just ordinary competence because he is a really superior teacher) should bring him up to $10,000 to $12,000 within five or six years. After that his salary increases would depend upon continued study. (At that salary level he should be able to devote several summers to further study in depth in his field.) He should be able to look forward to qualifying eventually for a salary of at least $14,000—twice his starting scale.

The teacher my proposed system would produce would be granted a certificate to be recognized as valid in any state of the union. It might carry an endorsement setting forth the grade level for which he was prepared, or the subject matter which he was qualified to teach, but such endorsement would be primarily for information purposes. My teacher would be so much in demand that he would never have to bow to "requests" that he teach outside his field of specialization. If this be treason to the too-small high schools which must demand that their teachers tackle several unrelated subjects, so be it; they will just have to combine with their neighboring too-small high schools into one big-enough school which can guarantee every pupil the education he has a right to expect.

Under this plan I would expect the teacher shortage to be eliminated in fairly short order. The monetary rewards, and the status, that my teacher would receive would lure hundreds of thousands of our very best students into the teaching profession, and, as these superior teachers took over the classrooms, the incompetents and the part-timers would be forced out. The competent, but only ordinary, teachers would be forced to raise their own standards or look for other jobs.

Did someone say that young men and women cannot afford to spend seven years preparing for a teaching career? Well, dentists and lawyers spend that many years in preparation, and doctors spend much longer. To get the type of salaries that true professionals deserve, our teachers must have truly professional training. And if they become true professionals, I think the American people will be glad to pay them what they deserve.

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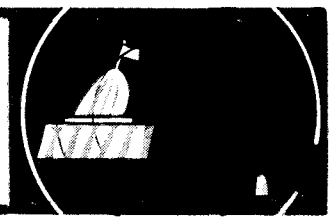
While School Keeps



NEW YORK CITY TEACHERS took a long step toward closer association with the trade union movement last month when they chose the United Federation of Teachers, local affiliate of the AFL-CIO's American Federation of Teachers, as their official bargaining agent in a city-wide election. Selection of the UFT culminated a long, bitter, and expensive campaign among three organizations:

- ►The Teachers Bargaining Organization, a composite group made up of a number of teachers organizations and backed by the National Education Association.
- ►The Teachers Union, once an affiliate of the CIO, dropped on charges of communist domination and later banned by the Board of Education (in 1950) on the same charge. The TU was reinstated by the Board only a short time before the election.
- ►The United Federation of Teachers.

The significance of the New York vote lies in the question it raises as to the direction in which the teaching profession as a whole is moving. Does the future lie with the AFT and trade unionism, or with the somewhat qualified professionalism of the National Education Association? Will the New York pattern be repeated in other large cities across the country and subsequently spread to the surrounding suburbs? At least one acute observer of the national scene, writing during the campaign, presented a strong case for this point of view. The facts, such as they are, are hard to assess.

The NEA is far larger than the AFT —some 750,000 members to 60,000— but the NEA draws its membership largely from small cities and towns while the AFT is primarily representative of large urban centers. In none of the nation's other large cities, however, is the NEA's toehold as precarious as in New York where it enrolls fewer than 900 members, less than two percent of the school system's professional staff, while the UFT claims more than 6,000 members. In other large cities the picture varies with NEA membership comprising 4.4 percent of the teachers in Chicago, 11.4 in Detroit, 16.9 in Los Angeles, 40.2 in Pittsburgh, and 63.3 in the District of Columbia.

Certainly New York teachers are not a typical lot, nor is the *milieu* in which they work a common one. Too numerous and too varied to form a single association, they are organizationally fragmented among an endless number of groups divided by educational level, professional interest, geographic location, or religious affiliation. These many organizations often have conflicting interests and objectives. Too, they have been frustrated, over the years, by a far larger and more impersonally bureaucratic administrative structure than teachers in any other city. When the UFT, last spring, called a strike of teachers to protest the Board of Education's delay in arranging a promised vote on collective bargaining—despite the fact that the strike of public employees was illegal under state law—apparently many teachers not otherwise attracted to the union movement were impressed by the UFT's willingness to act.

The complexity of these factors—and the many others entering into last month's election—make firm conclusions on their significance most difficult. But the issue has been clearly drawn. New York's teachers will not be the last to demand collective bargaining rights from their school board—and bargaining agents will be selected in other cities. Whether the teaching profession as a whole turns in the direction of trade unionism or to some more traditional professional association as its representative will probably be effectively settled in the next very few years.

GRADUATION FROM A PRIVATE SCHOOL has long been considered the surest passport to acceptance at the more prestigious Eastern colleges. But the competitive pressure for admission has wrought major changes even among "The Heavenly Seven," as Eugene S. Wilson, dean of admission at Amherst, calls the Big Seven women's colleges. According to a recent poll by the New York *Herald Tribune*, more than half the students at all seven colleges come from public schools. The proportion ranges from 72 percent at Mt. Holyoke to 53 percent at Radcliffe. Between these extremes, public school graduates represent 69 percent of the student body at Barnard, Bryn Mawr 60 percent, Smith 59 percent, Wellesley 58 percent, and Vassar 55 percent.

SELF-TEACHING TEXTBOOKS to increase the reading skills of junior high school students are in the process of development by the Center for Programed Instruction in cooperation with the New York City schools. One-third of the children in the city's junior high schools are a year or more behind grade level in reading, according to associate superintendent Joseph O. Loretan. It is hoped that the new materials not only will enable most of these students to catch up to their own classes, but will also improve reading instruction for all children.

Based on the standard principles of programed instruction, the new texts will consist of a series of successive statements, questions, and answers. The student answers each question, then finds out whether he is correct before going on the next. Since the texts are constructed to elicit correct answers, they reinforce the student's learning and reward his efforts. Each student is able to progress as fast or slowly as he is able to grasp the material. Meanwhile the teacher is freed to give individual attention to those who need it.

Preliminary trials were run last spring with a small number of seventh graders who were reading at the third or fourth grade level. Improvement after even a short period with the experimental texts was encouraging. Slow readers concentrated on the self-teaching materials for thirty to forty minutes at a time—far longer than they had on other remedial texts.

INDEPENDENT STUDY on a single subject for a full month is part of the regular program for all students at the new (two-year-old) Florida Presbyterian College in St. Petersburg. The objective is to teach graduate level research and independent study methods to students while they are still undergraduates. The program started last year with the new college's first freshman class and is continuing this year for both the freshmen and sophomores. From January 2 to 31 normal class schedules are suspended while students devote themselves to uninterrupted research and study on single scholarly topics. Learning how to dig out information that goes deeply into an academic subject, and then to analyze and think it

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through to a conclusion, will provide more self-reliance for those students electing to go on to graduate studies—and will be of specific help to others in attacking post-college problems of every kind.

VENERABLE SMITH COLLEGE has initiated a similar program this year for a three-week period in January. For juniors and seniors an opportunity will be offered to investigate in greater depth than usual a subject in their major field. Research will be tied in with special seminar groups and faculty consultations. Freshmen and sophomores, in addition to independent study and discussion, will be exposed to two cross-disciplinary lecture-discussion series led by visiting authorities in an effort to help them select their major field more knowledgefully. The only regular classes that will continue during the three-week period will be beginning classes in foreign languages.

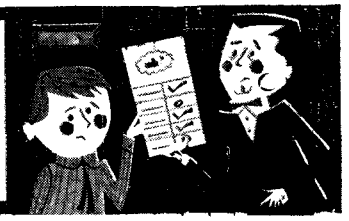
PROBLEMS OF COMMUNICATION between schools and colleges exist in many areas, but they are most acute in the complex process of college admissions. There is little agreement on how the high school student's record should be reported or what it should contain. As a consequence students are too often rejected by schools at which they would have enjoyed a high degree of success.

Traditionally, the high school graduate's record consists of the academic transcript, the personality record, and the principal's recommendation. Not all schools, however, are willing to provide the data requested. Colleges complain that they receive records that are incomplete, unintelligible, illegible, and "reproduced by every conceivable process except stone carving and invisible ink." The schools, on the other hand, charge that too many colleges process applications with untrained and inexperienced staffs. With the rising tide of applicants the situation is bound to get worse unless better communication between schools and colleges can be established.

As a contribution to better understanding of the problem—and a step toward more effective cooperation—the College Entrance Examination Board,

(*Continued on page 64*)

Report Card



"FA LA LA LA LA . . ." In the new Morris Library at Southern Illinois University, individual music listening rooms—about the size of telephone booths—were closed recently because it was discovered that they were being used less frequently by music lovers than by just plain lovers. *(Contributed by B. K. Leiter, Carbondale, Illinois.)*

HAD CUSTER ONLY KNOWN! A teacher in Chicago was explaining to her fifth-grade students that Columbus really thought he was headed for India and when he landed in America he mistakenly assumed that the people he met on the shore were Indians. One boy who had obviously seen a lot of TV Westerns fixed her with a "how stupid can you get" look and said: "Well, they were, weren't they?" *(Contributed by Ann Elcrat, Kosciuszko School, Chicago.)*

PARTS UNKNOWN. In Memphis, Tennessee, police officials have discovered that the missing persons bureau does its greatest volume of business around report card day.

HE JUST WASN'T IVY LEAGUE. Lancelot, a student-owned ocelot, was recently expelled from Princeton because he developed the disconcerting habit of prowling his master's dormitory at night, scaring the daylights out of sleeping freshmen. "Oh well," muttered the owner philosophically when the playful *felis pardalis* was banished from campus, "he probably couldn't have graduated anyway."

LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE! Senator Philip A. Hart, Democrat, of Michigan, an ardent supporter of federal aid to education, recently received this letter from an angry constituent:

"Dear Sen. Hart:

"We have did so well with our system of public schools so far in our history that I do not think it is wise for you to temper with our formulae that we have used up to now. . . ."

LAMP OF LEARNING. A first-grader in Baldwin, Long Island, came home recently and said his teacher had told him that the lights in the harbor were out and he needed to bring a nickel to school the next day. When his indignant mother called the school to demand why children were being asked to finance repair work on beacons intended for the guidance of mariners, she was gently informed that the name of the school newspaper is *Harbor Lights*.

ACCENT AGUE. An education writer recently remarked at the family dinner table that he had been invited to make a speech at the local high school. His two children, both students at the school, promptly announced that they just couldn't stand the embarrassment and would be absent that day. The father, somewhat nonplussed, said: "All right, I'll use a *nom de plume*." Whereupon his son replied brightly: "Oh, if you're going to speak with a French accent that's different."

IS THAT ALL? Mount Holyoke College recently conducted a survey to find out how its students fared with summer jobs in 1961. Among the job assignments reported by the girls were: autopsy aide, frozen food packer, aircraft engineer's aide, map maker, blueberry packer, horse trainer, deep sea fishing organizer, stock market counselor, calf raiser, flight caterer in an international airport, and film extra in a TV toothpaste commercial.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES! CHAPTER IV. A seventeen-year-old senior at Manhasset High School in New York recently decided to cut a couple of classes, with a friend, to visit the United Nations headquarters. As he was standing in line to take the guided tour, a UN official tapped him on the shoulder and beckoned him to one side. His picture was taken by newsreel and newspaper photographers, he was treated to lunch in the delegates' dining room, he received his choice of gifts from the UN Gift Shop, and was given a private tour of the UN executive offices, which are rarely seen by visitors. Somewhat dazed—and a bit apprehensive—at all this VIP treatment, he was informed that he was the millionth visitor to the UN in 1961. When he finally returned to class late in the afternoon, school authorities telephoned his mother to report that he had given a "fantastic" excuse for his absence.

—JOHN SCANLON.

(Contributions to this column are welcome.)

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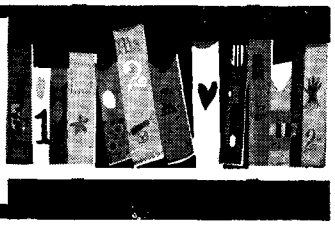
the Editor's Bookshelf



TITLES OF NONFICTION BOOKS are chosen by editors or publishers more often than by authors. If a writer calls his manuscript "An Historical Examination of the Interaction Between the Native Peoples and the Colonial Forces in the Rain Forest Areas of Central Africa —1600 to 1960," the title that eventually appears on the dust jacket probably will be "Crisis in the Congo." If the author writes about the subtle interrelationships between teachers and pupils some editor undoubtedly will want to title the book "Conflict in the Classroom" or "Schism in the Schools," and those who read the title but not the book will assume that this is another critical book on education.

The editor assumes that a striking title, or one that suggests controversy, will sell more books than a dull one or one that is merely descriptive. He may be right, but the fact remains that "The Iliad," "The Bible," and "A Study of History" have sold well over the years without such titles, while many of the "crisis" books have disappeared quickly from view.

During the 1950s a record number of books about the schools were written for the general reader. Those that got the most attention bore such strident titles as "Quackery in the Public Schools," "Educational Wastelands," "Blackboard Jungle," "Why Johnny Can't Read," and "Crisis in Education."

The past year, however, has seen a change that may signify a shift in public taste (as the editors interpret it) for the most important education books of 1961 carry calmer titles: "Excellence," "The Schools," "The Process of Education," "The Adolescent Society," and "The Education of Nations." None of these titles is calculated to stimulate the adrenals or inflame the emotions.

Our book for this month carries the blandest title of all, **"Graduate Education,"** by Oliver C. Carmichael, (Harper, $4.50), but there is nothing bland about the book. Carmichael's criticisms of the graduate schools are as sharp as any of those which have been directed at the elementary and secondary schools. He says that ". . . the graduate school at the present time is the most inefficient and, in some ways, the most ineffective division of the university . . ." and that ". . . the *most urgent need* of American education is a thoroughgoing reform of our graduate education program." These are harsh charges but Carmichael documents them with care. His penetrating analysis and vigorous recommendations grow out of long years of experience as a university president, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and his present position as consultant to the Ford Foundation in which he has spent several years in a survey of graduate schools, and in making foundation assistance available for new and better programs.

Carmichael is specific about the weaknesses of the graduate schools. One is that they are badly organized; the graduate school dean has little real authority and often he has no faculty and no budget of his own. Professors are appointed by the various university departments and are responsible to them. Budgets are administered by departmental chairmen or by the deans of the various undergraduate colleges and professional schools. In many universities, professors divide their time among undergraduate teaching, graduate teaching, and research but both the teaching and the research are highly specialized and only the graduate dean has any real interest in interdepartmental cooperation at the graduate level.

A second weakness is the excessive flexibility of the programs. Each candidate for the Ph.D. knows that he must take a year or two of course work, demonstrate his ability to read two

Carmichael on Graduate Education

"THE GRADUATE SCHOOLS are grappling with a triple-headed monster—the research needs of the country: for teachers, for pure scientists, and for an almost limitless number of applied scientists in business, industry, and government."

"For many years the doctor of philosophy degree has been considered the normal qualification for a teacher in colleges and universities. Yet the present annual output of the American universities supplies only about 20 percent of the number needed to fill vacancies in the faculties of higher education."

"This much is certain: the Ph.D. degree is no guarantee that its holder is qualified to give instruction in the liberal arts college. The nature of researches performed even in the basic subjects is often unrelated to liberal education and, as such, is not satisfactory preparation for college teaching."

"A criticism of the modern university education is that it no longer asks the important questions or deals with fundamental issues."

"The graduate faculty is usually the ablest of the university staff, the cost of graduate education is greater than any other except medical education, and the need for its products—Ph.D. graduates—is unparalleled. Yet graduate schools are more confused, ineffective, and inconsistent in their practices than any other school or college in the university."

"The emphasis on current humanistic research appears to be on analysis, just as it is in the natural sciences; but humanistic-social studies should involve synthesis as well. One result of attempting to apply scientific methods rigidly to humanistic-social science research is that it turns out to be research *about* the humanities or social sciences rather than research *in* these fields."

"It is not pleasant for me, a veteran laborer in the higher educational vineyard, to find fault with what is going on in the universities. But if discussing with complete frankness the defects that have appeared in the course of the study proves helpful in any way, the risk involved will be worthwhile. It is in this spirit that I have been critical."

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Wiley BOOKS

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Other weaknesses are "the cult of objectivity" in the humanities and the social sciences which leads students and professors to believe that they must discuss value systems without undertaking to choose among them, which leads to an ethical neutrality, and the proliferation of both courses and of degrees—sixty-eight *different* doctors degrees and 150 masters degrees are offered by American universities. These include degrees in everything from poultry husbandry to outer space.

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BOOK REVIEW

Sounds Make Sense

"Let's Read: A Linguistic Approach," by Leonard Bloomfield and Clarence L. Barnhardt *(Wayne State University Press. 470 pp. $7.50). Frank Jennings is an editor-at-large of SR, and an educational consultant and former reading teacher.*

By Frank G. Jennings

IN THE clash of educational orthodoxies only the child is hurt. Schoolmen, not otherwise noted for aggressiveness or courage, can become ruthless predators when they taste the salt of criticism. "Let's Read" will assuredly elicit both anger and anguish because it betrays profound dissatisfaction with the ways by which reading is usually taught today. But it is far different from much of the critical literature that has appeared since Rudolph Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read" in 1955—it is a modest and a clear offering.

"Let's Read" is the publication of a program of reading instruction devised by one of this country's foremost linguists, the late Leonard Bloomfield. The book has been brought out under the informed guidance of Clarence L. Barnhardt, himself a linguist and lexicographer and co-editor of the "Thorndike-Barnhardt Beginning Dictionary." Not only is the method discussed in detail, but the complete course of instruction is offered together with an excellent introduction by Robert C. Pooley. Barnhardt even suggests that a patient and careful parent can use the book to teach the child to read. The system has been used effectively with individual children (Bloomfield devised it originally for his own children) and it has been employed with good results on a limited scale in several schools of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago for several years.

If a book like "Let's Read" arouses the profession, such a response can be useful. There are pertinent grounds for dissatisfaction with the way reading is taught today, if only because there is so much useful evidence about the efficacy of other kinds of instruction and of the existence of more interesting materials than those usually employed. The Bloomfield-Barnhardt approach is not to assault existing instructional materials but to insist upon the recognition of two cardinal facts of linguistic life: 1) Writing is the recording of speech-sounds; 2) Ideas (meanings) attach to speech-sounds and not to letters.

These facts lead to this thesis: since letters are merely the conventional signs for the sounds that make up words, there is an inseparable relationship between words as written and words as spoken. To learn to read one must learn to convert letter-combinations to meanings. This requires an ability to concentrate upon letter and sound so as to bring about, as rapidly as possible, an automatic association between them. This is a phonemic rather than a phonic approach. In short, the Bloomfield-Barnhardt method concentrates upon establishing patterns of letters and sounds regardless of meaning during the early stages of reading instruction. This gives the child a constantly growing set of letter-sound constants. With these he can quickly convert letters to sounds and sounds to recognizable and meaningful words. This is a reversal of the more conventional approaches now used which insist that the child make immediate associations between letters and meaning, that is, between sight and sense. The more usual approach provides a quickly gained "reading vocabulary." It also shackles the child to a method that demands a confusing association between letters and meaning.

Pooley, in the "Introduction to Teachers" in "Let's Read," points out that this is obviously a revolutionary method. It is, as yet, largely untried under scientifically controlled conditions. All that Barnhardt asks is for some one or group to carry out such tests. The evidence so far looks very good. The consequences of success could be portentous, for as Pooley points out:

> If the system of reading advocated by Bloomfield and Barnhardt should attract widespread attention, or even more, if the method when employed should prove encouragingly successful, it will be severely challenged. Years of research have gone into the present system of reading. Vast sums of money have been spent to produce the current series of reading books, with their teachers' manuals, their

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guides to students, and their whole apparatus of accompanying materials. Generations of teachers have been trained to use these materials, and will be reluctant to adopt a new methodology.

It is doubtful that the situation will be quite that bad. True, this is an attack on the "establishment," just as "Why Johnny Can't Read" was. But the vested interests are not all or always opposed to change. In fact, the method proposed in "Let's Read" would, it seems, assure the greater and more efficient use of existing materials and lead to the production of new, and, it is to be hoped, more interesting reading matter for children.

Reading is too precious to be made into a catspaw. It is too powerful a tool to be used on trivial matters. It is too important for its great uses to be deferred as long as they now are in many schools. As Paul Woodring has pointed out in his editorial on page 39 of this issue, most thoughtful educators agree that there is no *one* best method of teaching children to read, and that teachers should be given freedom to experiment with various methods. We want the children to have the keys to our intellectual kingdoms. Perhaps "Let's Read" can help to provide them.

New Books

A UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT SPEAKS OUT: On Current Education. *By Carroll V. Newsom. Harper.* 118 *pp.* $2.95. The retiring president of New York University discusses current questions of educational philosophy and practice.

CHARLES W. ELIOT AND POPULAR EDUCATION. *Edited by Edward A. Krug. Teachers College, Columbia University (Bureau of Publications).* 166 *pp. Paperback.* $1.50. Essays, written some fifty years ago, by a former president of Harvard and a leading educational spokesman.

THE PSYCHOLOGY AND TEACHING OF READING. *By Fred J. Schonell. Philosophical Library.* 254 *pp.* $6. The psychology of the child, the methods and materials of the teacher, and the organization of the classroom are discussed in the light of recent research.

THE SCHOOL RECORD: Its Use and Abuse in College Admissions. *By Wilma Morrison. College Entrance Examination Board (c/o Educational Testing Service, Box 592, Princeton, N.J.)* 15 *pp. Paperback.* $1. (See WHILE SCHOOL KEEPS).

THE EDUCATOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. *By Edward Smith, Stanley Krouse, Jr., and Mark Atkinson. Prentice-Hall.* 914 *pp.* $19.50. A comprehensive guide and source book containing the what and how of modern education.

THE NEW AMERICAN GUIDE TO SCHOLARSHIPS, FELLOWSHIPS AND LOANS. *By John Bradley. New American Library.* 240 *pp. Paperback.* $.75. Gives complete, up-to-date facts and figures on the more than $400,000,000 available annually for financial assistance to the American college student.

DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION. *By Matthew Arnold. Edited by R. H. Super. Univ. of Michigan Press.* 422 *pp.* $8.50. A series of essays on European education in the 19th century.

THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. *By June E. Lewis and Irene C. Potter. Prentice-Hall.* 381 *pp.* $10. Describes practical techniques of problem solving, and methods for helping children develop an understanding of science.

LITERATURE WITH CHILDREN. *Association for Childhood Education International. (3615 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington 16, D.C.)* 56 *pp.* $.75. Twelve brief readings that describe methods of introducing children to literature.

CORPORATE SOCIETY AND EDUCATION. *By George Barnett and Jack Otis. Univ. of Michigan Press.* 297 *pp.* $7.50. The authors discuss the crisis of modern society and propose a radically revised idea of man, institution and state.

THE STORY OF SPELMAN COLLEGE. *By Florence Matilda Read. United Negro College Fund. (22 East 54th St., New York, N.Y.)* 399 pp. $5.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE. *Edited by Nevitt Sanford. John Wiley.* 1084 *pp.* $10. (To be reviewed next month.)

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Albany State

Continued from page 43

mobility. The majority of students come from small towns or the country, and there was one bucolic maid who couldn't sleep at first because she was used to a glass of warm cow's milk at bedtime. Generally, they come from families of modest means in which, according to one study, the parents have approximately ten years of schooling. They are, in other words, first-generation college students with all the nervous circumspection, status-seeking, and marginality that this implies. Significant, too, is the fact that the mothers in most of these families, according to sociologist Paul F. Wheeler, tend to be better educated than the fathers and are regarded as the dominant parent. Any cursory view of the college's student culture shows a startling domination by girls even though 40 per cent of the student body is male.

THE typical Albany State student is from a small town, and his ambition is to live and teach in a somewhat larger town but not in a big, overwhelming city. He is conservative politically, somewhat passive, and conformist. ("There has to be more surface conformity for teachers than for other groups," a dean remarked.)

Many of the boys have an ambivalent attitude toward teaching. It represents a realistic and attainable goal—a sure way up the social ladder—but they have assimilated some of society's condescension toward the male school teacher. "You tell people you go to Albany State, and they ask, 'What for?' You answer that you're going to be a teacher, and they say, 'Why don't you become an engineer?'"

"In my home town," another boy said sulkily, "there are three categories of men—executives, workers, and teachers."

The yea-sayers point to the security and respectability of teaching. They envision a better life than their parents had, but their goals are neither personally nor intellectually adventurous. "There's one thing," a boy said, "you're always assured a comfortable salary, even if you'll never be a millionaire." And some young men lecherously contemplate the double salary they will enjoy if they marry teachers. Still others yearn to become school administrators—an unimpeachably masculine job—or even college teachers.

The education they receive at Albany is by all available measures a good one. The habits of work are vigorous, the students are pressed hard, and an academic commitment—though not bookishness—is part of the value system of the students. "I was undecided between elementary and secondary education," a girl said, "but what made me decide is that you can get a real liberal arts education at Albany."

The faculty expresses affection for the students but can hardly resist the usual litany about student apathy and nonintellectualism: "They come in conservative and go out conservative. . . . They answer hesitantly as if nothing of value could come from them. . . . It's a job prying them loose from their provincial rut and getting them excited and concerned. . . . The good ones get flattened down intellectually. There's the kid who comes from high school and has his hand up all the time. But he is accused of breaking the curve, so he takes on the coloring of his peers."

"When I first came here," a professor said, "I quickly saw that the students are a passive lot. I had previously taught in men's colleges where the boys didn't do any work but challenged you all the time." A woman on the faculty told me, "You can tell the kids the world will end at 12 noon, and they would write it in their notebooks. I suppose the kind of person who is aggressive will not make high school teaching a first choice. On the other hand, the students are a fine lot. You never get an exam paper from them that's really sloppy."

Another professor compared the students with those at the University of Chicago: "They're better prepared in a systematic way, but they're terribly uncreative. You have to tell them exactly what to do. If I give them a paper to do and a list of topics but make it clear that they can do other topics if they're interested, they'll never do the others. At Chicago, they'll strike out on their own, even if they can't spell or punctuate."

Still another professor was outraged at their lack of academic passion: "Few have any sense of purpose. They virtually pick their major at random. When I went to college, I didn't *like* psychology. I *loved* it."

To be sure, professors in all but the very best schools—and sometimes even there—deplore the intellectual flaccidity of their students and in the next breath extol their industry and good nature. The classes I visited confirmed the dour rather than the hopeful view of students. The tone of the classes was set by the girls, who tend to be dutiful rather than impassioned, conscientious rather than creative. In a survey of English literature, the instructor asked: "What genre is 'Dover Beach'?" There was dead silence. "Come now, we just had Browning," he urged. The Pavlovian students all murmured: "Dramatic monologue." The students are assiduous note-takers, and one girl sitting near me wrote her *obiter dicta* modestly in pencil, while her professor's remarks were dignified by meticulous notations in ink. Next to the phrase "sea of faith" in "Dover Beach" she wrote "Religion" and in the margin next to "Ah love, let us be true to one another," she jotted excitedly, "Fabulous for Peter" (her boy friend). About John Keats, she set the following factual nuggets neatly underneath each other:

1. Keats was not a gentleman.
2. five feet tall—pugnacious
3. Had the ability to empathize.
4. Fanny Brawne—his lover.

If this is no worse than the notes of most students from coast to coast, neither is it better.

The library (62,000 volumes) is cramped but friendly and reflects the ambivalent character of the college, torn between its role as a teacher training institution and a college of liberal arts. There are few highbrow quarterlies—no *Partisan Review* or *Kenyon Review*—and a display of books ("Read for knowledge, entertainment, profit") featured such a mixed bag of biographies of Sean O'Casey and Lou Gehrig, with Robert Graves's translation of Homer rubbing jackets with an expendable travel book about San Francisco.

Though the intellectual life on campus is low-voltage, Albany State's extracurricular activity has as much

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hustle and bustle as one can find anywhere. This is surprising since the students see their college as a wan compromise with exigent circumstance. Or perhaps it's precisely because they couldn't go to Cornell or Michigan that they shape their school in the image of the more glamorous campus schools. Whatever the motivations, the students hurtle breathlessly from freshman-sophomore Rivalry ("Penalties shall be of a humorous and constructive nature"), to Homecoming (the usual debauch of nostalgia), Winterlude (formal dance), Christmas Sing, State Fair, College Revue, and Moving Up Day, in which each class moves into the seats of the class preceding it. There are dances, dances, dances. And not to be denied their membership in the guild of American students, Albany State's young men and women repair to local drinking places with as much zeal and about the same consequences as students elsewhere.

Though they are superficially indistinguishable from college students everywhere—the hegemony of Ivy League garb prevails here too—there are some local differences. Albany State is clearly a matriarchy; the majority of student leaders are girls. (Last year the editor of *State College News* was a boy, but he did not last the year and was succeeded by a girl.) The most prestigious activity, by common consent, is dramatics— hardly a masculine precinct. (One person reported that baseball practice suffers when there are tryouts for a dramatic production.) In the light of this, there may be some significance in the "collapses" that male students enact—i.e., they pretend to be dead—in bars or in front of parked cars. Is it amiss to suggest that they may be symbolically acting out their role in the college community?

Sororities outnumber fraternities seven to three. The Greek-letter men at Albany are solid citizens rather than playboys. When I visited a fraternity house, the boys emphasized their scrupulousness in observing social regulations. (A minimum of three girls must be on hand at any time on the assumption that the fall from innocence is rarely a group activity.) There was about the fraternity men little of the sexual bravado or puerile braggadocio about drinking I have encountered on other campuses.

Albany itself is rather a dreary place, although spring bursts into leaf as gloriously here as on any college campus. The winter is relentless, and students find they have only themselves to fall back on. The male-female confrontation on campus is interesting. The ratio favors the boys, but adolescent harem fantasies are hard to fulfill. For one thing, as a boy pointed out, "when you whittle them down to the good-looking girls, there's no surplus." Moreover, the local morality tends to be immaculate. ("You must remember," a boy said piously, "that the girls are here to be teachers; that makes a difference.") A sharp-eyed girl observed: "If a girl's going to have an affair, she'll do it at home. Here it would be snapped up like a bone by an angry dog." In addition, the boys at Albany State have to meet the competition of marauding amorists from R.P.I., Union, and Siena, who maintain a barrage of propaganda against State boys. (An R.P.I. student smugly distinguished between R.P.I. *men* and State *boys*.) This is all very titillating to the girls thus happily besieged, but most in the end return to the tested and homely virtues of the local boys.

"R.P.I. does a good snow job on the freshman," a girl said, "but the snow melts. I discovered that they were helpless without their slide rules. With the local boys you have more in common."

THERE are pretty girls at Albany State and some stunning ones, but most tend to be open-faced, short-haired types without the trappings of glamour. The boys, despite the animadversions of rival collegians, are sturdy and well-nourished and do quite well in competitive athletics (15 wins and 3 losses in basketball in 1960-61, and 8-2 in soccer in 1961).

A dormitory counselor, who went to high school in Queens, characterized his charges: "In my high school, there were three groups—the hoods, the kids with the briefcases, and those in the middle. Here they're all in the middle."

Or so it would seem. But there are also—happily for the climate of the school—those at the fringes. There is, allegedly, a beat enclave whose headquarters is the Cave in the cafeteria. ("Gloomy people, gloomy place," one boy snapped.) But beatnik appurtenances are not always in evidence. One professor suggested that since the beatniks are all student teaching now, they are wearing ties. And many in the beat fringe live off campus—the grand symbol at State of liberation.

Any touch of female flamboyance provokes gasps of terror and delight. A good-looking girl who had quite obscurely studied dance at New York's High School of Performing Arts found herself pegged a New York sophisticate at Albany State. "I came up here," she said with some amusement, "dragging my fat Greenwich Village belt which I wouldn't dare wear at Performing Arts. Here they think it's a big thing."

The school newspaper, *State College News*, provides reflections of the student mentality. It is nicely turned out but tame and unimaginative. Hardly intellectual, it takes the line that intellect is a good thing and painstakingly reports the speeches of such visiting luminaries as Eleanor Roosevelt, Thomas Bergin, Harrison Salisbury, Harry Levin, and others. It is peevish about school regulations rather than critical. Its characteristic posture is to urge students to work for the school and improve themselves ("Although the main facet of your college life should be academic, you will never be educated unless you also learn socially"). It favors fraternities and sororities but deplores their excesses. The faculty members are brightly portrayed as cheerful, enthusiastic types loaded with interests and hobbies. ("I like teaching at State College because the students are faithful, pleasant, and intelligent," one professor was quoted.) Occasionally, textbook attitudes creep in as when an editorial petulantly asked: "Why isn't State College fulfilling individual needs?" Lacking Harvard's urbanity and Swarthmore's verve, *State College News* has an unredeemably square flavor. But far more serious was its whitewashing of discrimination in the selection of students for the Milne School, the model high school attached to the college. A few months after a student reporter cheerfully reported that there was no evidence of discrimination, the State Department of Education found grounds for the charge. There is something very disturbing about such student complacency. Albany State's young people don't even have the usual student impulse toward patricide with respect to those in authority. It may well be the female influence.

It is possible, too, that the sheer friendliness of the place muffles dissent. The literary magazine functions without a faculty advisor. Compare that with the carnage that ensues elsewhere at the literary barricades. When books had to be moved to a new library,

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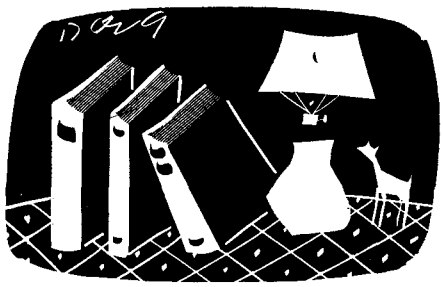
everybody—students *and* faculty—pitched in and carried armloads. It is the President's proud boast that a student loan can be processed in fifteen minutes, which may well be a national record. And though the new breed of brisk, bland administrators is coming into the school, their IBM fervor is mitigated by the school's persistent small-town amiability.

Albany State's faculty is a good, solid teaching corps. Almost 200 strong, they work against tough odds: teaching loads are heavy (as high as fifteen hours a week, an average of around twelve), little office space ("We have conferences on intimate matters in a Grand Central atmosphere"), and unseductive salaries, which have, however, improved a good deal recently. Instructors range from $5,750 to $6,302, assistant professors from $6,470 to $8,392, associate professors from $7,510 to $9,628, and full professors from $8,680 to $15,164. By all the usual criteria, the faculty looks good: 52 per cent have doctorates, they work hard, and many publish. A high proportion of the faculty is young and brimful of ideas, but as one of them said, "People are so darned busy that when you get an interesting discussion going in the lunchroom, you soon have to run off."

Albany State does not provide a research climate. "There is more encouragement than pressure to publish" is the way one professor expressed it. Another man, a productive scholar, took a harsher view: "There's no real acknowledgment of scholarship here." Much of the publication is first-rate and appears in big-league scholarly journals, but some of it is the kind of boondoggling one often finds in schools of education; e.g., "The Role of the Custodian in the Total School Program."

Like the students, faculty members have some difficulty maintaining their self-esteem. They complain that they are treated like high school teachers—with phone calls only in the hall and no real secretarial help ("If it weren't for student assistants, we would have to cut our own stencils"). They wryly congratulate themselves that the Milne School teachers are also technically on the faculty ("It saves us from being second-class citizens"). But their animosity is chiefly directed against the vast, faceless bureaucracy of the State University located only a few blocks away on a tranquil, tree-shaded street.

"The State University decides we're to have a graduate school—a graduate school by fiat!" a professor said indignantly. "This is madness!" A young instructor said irritably: "I sometimes think I ought to go over there to State University headquarters, present myself, and say, 'I'm a faculty. Look at me. I'm a faculty.' They've probably never seen one."



But many of these disaffections probably derive from the school's essential ambiguity. Albany State is somewhat more than a teachers college but a little less than a liberal arts school and a good deal less than a state university. It is a school in transition, and transitions are notoriously troublesome.

The philosophy of the college is governed by John Stuart Mill's dictum: "Men are men before they are lawyers, or physicians, or manufacturers: and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers and physicians." Albany State doesn't quite trust this do-it-yourself vocational training and insists upon twenty-two credits in education.

It is, of course, fashionable for students everywhere to heap contumely on education courses and those at Albany are no exception. Many were highly critical. I found, however, that despite the required education courses, the neophyte teachers still are inadequately informed about what is really going on in education. Only a handful of the many students I interviewed knew what programmed instruction is, and none had read—only a few had heard of—Martin Mayer's "The Schools," one of the decade's most important books.

The conflict between academic professors and professional educators is no less acute at Albany than in liberal arts colleges and universities. The guardians of the traditional disciplines often show a disdain for courses in education. One defined the motif of the Education Department as "how to teach though ignorant." Others deplore what they consider the school's tendency to limit offerings and soft-pedal academic rigor, "since we're only training high school teachers." An unhappy consequence of all this is that the traditional disciplines refuse to contaminate their purity by coordinating their activities with education courses. (It might, for example, be a good idea to coordinate a Shakespeare course with one in methods to determine just what scholarly material could be used in high school English and how.) And it is not unusual for professors to infect their better students with their own contempt for high school teaching and incite them to go on to graduate school and college teaching.

Professor Edwin P. Adkins, chairman of the Education Department and a Ph.D. in history, has some peppery retorts to the usual strictures against education. "I'm not satisfied with the ed courses," he snapped, "but then I'm not satisfied with some history or science courses either. The liberal arts people don't recognize that you have to understand the child before you can teach him. Our student teachers realize that they have to handle *all* kids. The average liberal arts professor, if he encounters a dull student, says, 'the hell with him,' but you can't do this in a high school."

Another member of the faculty presented this view of the controversy: "One of the ways in which good teachers are made is by example. If you have professors who have ardor and enthusiasm, students become imbued with their spirit. I don't think subject matter ought to be compromised with methodology. Part of the trouble is that teachers of education have nothing to say. They still talk about the whole child and the equivalence of all subject matter. They have to construct some rationale for this big business of education, and so they build an elaborate curriculum."

Under the leadership of Dr. Evan R. Collins, Albany State is entering a golden era of expansion. A large tract of land on what was a country club outside of Albany will become the new site of the college. ("We'll lay out a dorm along the fairway," President Collins said.) Target date is 1965, and by 1970 there may be as many as 7,000 students. And as an omen of things to come, Albany State has officially deleted the word "Education" from the name of the college. It has also begun to admit a limited number of straight liberal arts students. This, to be sure, is what is happening to teachers colleges throughout the country.

Albany State has a distinguished history. As liberal arts colleges go, it is a good one. As teachers colleges go, it is superb. If we think of high school teachers as those who have the job of acculturating the young, then Albany State's students are well prepared for their mission. But if we consider the job of the teacher that of stimulating a creative and responsible criticism of American life—"to discredit superstition and prejudice, and inspire courage to accept truth in every form" in the words of the catalogue—then Albany State, with its cautious mentality, doesn't fulfill its noblest possibilities. But then how many colleges do?

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Case Against Merit Pay

Continued from page 44

granted through job promotion, as any teacher can be promoted to principal, supervisor, or superintendent.

I cite these contradictions, not to dispute the theoretical virtues of merit rating (they are unarguable), but to suggest that special conditions prevail in all occupations that deny absolute justice. It is an understatement to say that teaching, especially in a public school, where all children must be accepted and where the teacher has no choice in the pupils assigned to him, and where teamwork and morale are as important as individual excellence—it is an understatement to say that teaching is not comparable with other occupations. Add to this the fact that it is all but impossible to apply objective yardsticks to a creative process, and it is little wonder that teachers, including the best, are unalterably opposed to merit pay.

But let us look more deeply into this matter of teacher rating. What is it exactly that the merit raters propose to rate? The teacher's knowledge of his subject? The skill in imparting the knowledge he possesses? His disciplinary control of children? His personality? His popularity with pupils? His rating with parents? His rapport with fellow staff members? Mr. Blaine Cooke, in his *Saturday Review* companion piece with Arthur Myers, answers the question with telling effect. "We all evaluate teachers," he says. ". . . Parents can do it, newspaper columnists can do it—but somehow school principals and superintendents lack the widely distributed talent."

Exactly!

Here we get to the nub of the matter in all rating of teachers. Everyone can do it except those specifically trained by experience for the job. In other words, we have an illustration of Mark Twain's classical solution to the submarine menace, in which he proposed to bring the oceans to a boil. It's the other fellow's job to boil the water. Everyone can, and does, evaluate teachers. But if you find two people who are confident of their evaluations and agree on them they probably are not school administrators.

How, except in the broadest terms of subjective judgment, can anyone make valid evaluations of teachers? Mr. Jones has excellent group control compared with Mr. Smith, but Mr. Smith offers his students a rich variety of learning experiences. Miss Williams prepares thorough and detailed lesson plans, but Miss Walters presents her work in a more organized manner. Mr. Fox is loved by his pupils and parents and is a decided asset to public relations; but Mr. Barton, gruff old chap that he is, insists upon a high standard of achievement and is one of those teachers remembered in later years with reverence. And on and on it goes. There is the teacher with histrionic skill who rises to a great performance during a classroom visitation, and the teacher who virtually collapses under surveillance. There is the teacher who is at his best with gifted pupils, and the teacher who is at his best with slow learners. How do we put a dollar sign on these varying talents?

As a teacher and administrator for over a quarter of a century, I have encountered great teachers whose greatness could not be measured short of astronomical figures. I have also met my share of teachers who by no stretch of the imagination deserved the honorable title of teacher. As an administrator, it has been my odious,

but necessary, job to eliminate some of these latter from the profession. It is a responsibility that I have not shirked. Yet I must admit that in all my experience, I have yet to find one teacher, aside from those guilty of sexual deviation, who could understand a single reason why he was being dismissed, and who could not point to areas of teaching excellence. Every court action on record, where a teacher contests his dismissal, bears out my own experience. There is no teacher so bad that some people do not consider him excellent. Contrariwise, there is seldom a teacher so good that some people do not consider him poor. I have had parents implore that I dismiss teachers whom I would rate in the upper 1 per cent of those on a staff.

But the problems of teacher rating do not end here. I have suggested that rating is largely a matter of personal judgment, that somebody must play God; but it is often forgotten that the only person capable of making a sound judgment is the school principal. But principals vary widely in their judgments as well as their capacities for making fair evaluations. It is not uncommon for one principal to prize highly a teacher whom another principal finds only fair or even inadequate. Like parents who can idolize or deplore an individual teacher, principals within a single district make different evaluations of teachers.

In the final analysis, there are only two objectives of merit rating—to obtain justice for teachers and to encourage better teaching. There is no evidence that merit rating does encourage better teaching; indeed, there is a strong suspicion, of which I shall speak in a moment, that it does just the opposite. But what about justice? Can justice be achieved within a school district when principals vary in their judgments? Is justice achieved when the subtle "apple polisher" is rewarded above the reserved but conscientious teacher? Is it just that a first-grade teacher be rated against a sixth-grade teacher? Or the music teacher? Or the popular coach? Or for that matter, against the first-grade teacher next door with a more fortunate room assignment?

Let's face it: what actually happens when a merit rating system is imposed upon a staff? I say *imposed*, because we have yet to hear of a staff that has gone begging to the superintendent or a board of education for merit rating. Generally what happens is that the powers above announce that merit rating is to be imposed and ask the teaching staff to help develop criteria for evaluation, the ground rules, so to speak. Sometimes, but not often, the rules are imposed along with the announcement that rating is to follow. In either event, a set of criteria, long or short, are put down in writing. What items are included? Again, they may be brief or endless, but they include, along with such subjectively measured items as "teaching effectiveness," "integrity" and "personality," a list of items lending themselves to objective measurement: "Neatness of room," "attire," "use of supplementary books," "community service," "bulletin board management," etc.

Now what happens? The best teachers, revolted by the childish attempt to measure teaching success, will make no attempt at all to meet these superficial, objective criteria; yet others, less capable of good classroom instruction, will bend every effort to meet these standards. Bulletin boards will become flamboyant and changed daily; supplementary books by the score will be dragged into the classroom, counted, and thrust into the hands of pupils regardless of need or interest; the classroom will become as neat and

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antiseptic as a hospital ward. In short, the able teacher retires from the fray; the less able teacher sparkles and shines.

Perhaps it is the nature of the beast. People are not generally attracted to teaching by promise of high financial rewards, as people are attracted to business, industry, and the more remunerative professions. This does not imply that teachers are indifferent to income. They expect salaries comparable with people of similar university background and professional training; but beyond that, they are content to let others seek the fat rewards of the market place. A few hundred dollars of merit differential are not worth the concomitant distrust, disagreement, and injustices that inevitably result from rating.

Certainly, as Mr. Cooke and his fellow board members and citizens realize, all of us have a reasonably good notion who are the more questionable teachers on a staff. Yet each is questionable for different reasons. I shall be honest enough to admit that if I were compelled to put into writing why these people are weak I could be no more precise than this: "You fail to generate the enthusiasm for your efforts that marks the majority of this staff. More parents resent having their children under your tutelage. You lack the sparkle and brilliance we associate with our best teachers." If asked to give specific suggestions for improvement, I could do no more than say with Delphic wisdom, "Know thyself."

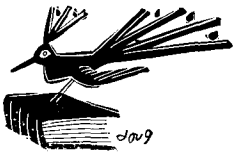
What the merit raters fail to realize, among other things, is that we are dealing with human beings engaged in an art as well as a skill, all of whom have passed rather rigid hurdles: college admission and graduation; certification requirements; selective employment; and tenure probation. Presumably, the misfits and incompetents have been screened before they arrive at the stage of merit evaluation. Indeed, such a presumption must necessarily be made; for if administrators cannot screen the unqualified through employment and years of trial teaching, they can surely not be trusted to differentiate between the superior, the excellent, the good, and the fair. Inevitably, it must be an assumption of teacher merit rating that we are differentiating not between sheep and goats, but sheep of a different color. It is a proposition to tax the wisdom of Solomon!

I do not believe, as some teachers seem to, that merit raters are nefarious artificers scheming to undermine the teaching profession and the foundations of the American public school. Their intentions are honorable and good. They base their arguments on logic that is superficially sound and reasonable. But in the long pull, they are like the man who would use a sledge hammer to kill a gnat. They would destroy morale, individuality, and freedom of expression to obtain a questionable kind of justice and initiative.

Besides, I have often wondered if those who clamor loudest for teacher merit rating would generously consent to the implications of their demands? Unavoidably, we should have A and D teachers. Would a merit rater obligingly accept a teacher labeled D for his child while his neighbor's child is assigned to an A teacher? From an administrator's point of view, it is an arduous enough task to assign pupils to teachers with supposedly equal talents. Knowing something of the nature of taxpaying parents, I quaver at the prospect of assigning children to anything other than equally acceptable teachers.

Furthermore, as an administrator dedicated to the proposition that all children are entitled to the best that a school district's budget can afford, I expect that all teachers are acceptable. I expect that the weak grow in strength and learn from the strong. I expect an atmosphere in a school where teachers want to and *can* learn from each other, an atmosphere devoid of suspicion, envy, distrust, and petty jealousies. If merit rating achieved its desired goals —justice and better teaching—there would be no question of its value; and the nation's teachers would have long since recognized its virtues. But teachers have never recognized its virtues. Explained one brilliant teacher, who joined a new staff after three consecutive years as the highest rated teacher under a rigid merit rating system: "I want to teach in an environment where excellence and creativity are admired for their own sake—not as bucking for an extra award!"

The problem in teaching is not one of satisfying citizens that teachers are paid according to merit. Few people would accept administrators' judgments in any event. Neither is the problem one of attracting a few prima donnas into the profession, who under any circumstances would be attracted to the more fruitful fields of commerce. The problem in teaching is one of making salaries and conditions of the *teaching profession* attractive to large numbers of competent, conscientious, and dedicated people.



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Letters to the Education Editor

Continued from page 41

of Washington, D.C. [*SR*, Dec. 16]. It is a great comfort to me to see that some of our educational leaders who are making such valiant efforts are getting the kind of recognition that they deserve. In the long run such articles as those of Mr. Koerner will give the educational leaders who are working under great handicaps the courage to continue. Why not an entire series on the superintendents of the large cities, which usually have the greatest and most difficult problems?

JOSEPH MERSAND,
Chairman, English Department,
Jamaica High School.
Jamaica, N.Y.

CARL F. HANSEN may feel that to describe his Amidon system as "a sop to all the reactionary forces afloat" is most incorrect and unfair but how anyone educated in this century could possibly come to any other conclusion after reading James D. Koerner's article on the Washington school system is beyond me.

Only one item is missing from the subject-centered, textbook-centered instructional program. If only Mr. Hansen would issue a specific time schedule for each subject he could look at his watch at any time during the day and know for a certainty that 138 teachers in 138 classrooms in 138 schools at that precise moment were saying in unision, "Take out your arithmetic books, boys and girls, and turn to page 56."

SOL DISNER, Principal,
Pitcher Elementary School.
Detroit, Mich.

MERIT SCHOLARSHIPS

WE NOTED WITH interest John M. Stalnaker's evaluation of the National Merit Program [*SR*, Dec. 16], but we felt that two statements showed a lack of proper perspective.

First, Mr. Stalnaker states: "The serious, able youngster who devoted himself to scholarly work received no public acclaim in the days before 1955. . . ." Quite to the contrary, in Nebraska, as well as in a number of other states, scholarship programs have been conducted for many years by the state university (or cooperatively) for the purpose of identifying students of college caliber and of encouraging these students to attend the college of their choice. The University of Nebraska program began in 1923.

Secondly, Mr. Stalnaker says: "Most of that money [provided by college scholarship funds] is spent attracting the talented student from one college to another. The Merit Program . . . would find able students . . . and help them attend any college. . . ." The fact is that better than 95 per cent of the students awarded Merit Scholarships would have gone to college anyway. The thing the awards have done is to encourage the winners to concentrate within a few colleges—in other words, "to attract the talented students from one college to another."

HENRY M. COX, Director,
Examination Service,
AUBREY FORREST, Director,
Scholarships & Financial Aids,
University of Nebraska.
Lincoln, Neb.

COLLEGE MANNERS

I HAVE READ "The College's Responsibility" [*SR*, Nov. 18] and found it most interesting. However, I take exception to the photo of a young man in Harvard's Widener Library who has his feet on the table. What has become of college manners?

BURNS M. KATTENBERG.
Bronxville, N.Y.

I SINCERELY HOPE that our students do not see the picture of students at Harvard's Widener Library, shown on page 50 of the November 18 issue.

NORMA SLEIGHT, Head,
Department of Mathematics,
New Trier Township High School.
Winnetka, Ill.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR'S SECRETARY: *The Education Editor had his feet on his desk when I showed him these letters and he was too embarrassed to comment.*

SR Anisfield-Wolf Awards

February 15 is the closing date for publishers to submit books for *SR*'s next annual Anisfield-Wolf Awards, to be presented to the authors of the works issued during 1961 that, in the opinion of the judges, contribute the most to better inter-group relations. Copies should be sent to each of the following committee members: Ashley Montagu, chairman, Cherry Hill Road, Princeton, N.J.; Pearl Buck, Route 3, Perkasie, Pa.; Lillian Smith, Clayton, Ga.; and Oscar Handlin, Department of Sociology, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. The judges' decision will be announced in *Saturday Review* this spring.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 964

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 964 will be found in the next issue.

FOLD Q XQD'G APE
WKHDG QEQBDGW OBX
BW BC WBXL CPH Q
FBCL WP RQZM OLH
WHKDM QDA EP OPXL
WP XQXQ.

XQHM WFQBD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 963

When you have got an elephant by the hind leg, and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

While School Keeps

Continued from page 54

in cooperation with five other national organizations, has published, "The School Record: Its Use and Abuse in College Admissions." Prepared by Wilma Morrison, assistant professor of Journalism at Portland State College and former education editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, the report is available from the CEEB (c/o Educational Testing Service, Box 592, Princeton, N.J., $1).

Recommendations for reform include more detailed information about the content of high school courses, more clearly defined reports of student achievement, and more specific subjective judgments on student personality and ability.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, both elementary and secondary, are about to get a thorough study of their educational requirements and resources. Under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation detailed inquiry will be made into parochial school curriculum, administration, teachers, academic achievement, goals, and facilities. The project will be based at the University of Notre Dame and will be under the guidance of George N. Shuster, former president of Hunter College, and Monsignor Frederick G. Hochwalt, executive secretary of the National Catholic Education Association.

Announcements of the project have described it as a "factual study." Less well known is the fact that it also aims to evaluate the degree to which parochial schools are achieving their stated aims. An authoritative inventory of Catholic parochial education will no doubt be most useful. But far more important is the knowledge and understanding that may come from a careful, realistic analysis of the degree to which parochial schools are achieving both their scholastic and their spiritual objectives. Comparisons of academic and later professional achievement of Catholic students who attended parochial schools with other Catholics who attended public schools—as well as comparisons of students who attended both parochial and public schools at different ages—would be revealing.

Conclusions that might be drawn from the identification of major differences among the various groups of Catholic students would be most significant for both public and parochial schools—almost as significant, in fact, as the conclusions that would be reached if no major differences could be identified. —JAMES CASS.

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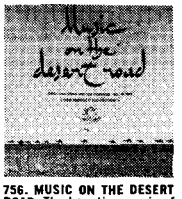

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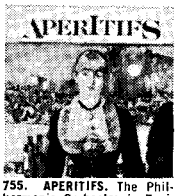

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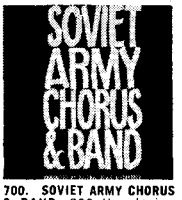

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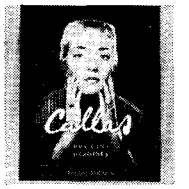

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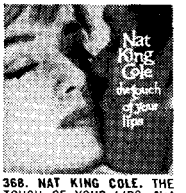

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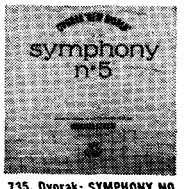

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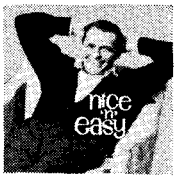
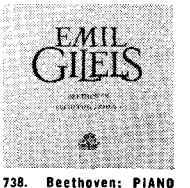


209. FRANK SINATRA. NICE 'N' EASY. Hear Fools Rush In, Mam'selle, Dream, 10 more. Nelson Riddle's Orch. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98**

738. Beethoven: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 4. Russia's famed Emil Gilels is soloist with the Philharmonia Orch. **$4.98; Stereo $5.98.**

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1451

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A resin exuding from the Pistacia lentiscus, used as an astringent, an aromatic, in varnish, and as a flavor in a Turkish liquor.	114 136 163 80 158 105
B. Subjects of the presentation of alternatives in burning current topics.	59 121 73 174 157 36
C. The Word of God.	21 93 27 65 76
D. In a state of restless activity (3 wds.).	168 45 89 173 14 160 26
E. Pertaining to bats.	142 3 71 164 22 178 15 55 107 115 154 159
F. Expressive posture.	106 72 77 78 23 124 134 172
G. Any plant of the genus *Urtica*.	177 49 1 126 147 35
H. Possession (of land) as one's own; region in general.	25 128 66 9 19 31 98
I. Pertaining to the liver.	74 63 32 120 166 162 108
J. Where to find a flexor pollicis brevis (3 wds.).	143 12 170 38 47 110 2 68 175 18
K. The great landed estates of ancient Romans.	133 99 167 137 60 75 155 7 30 29
L. Morbid secretion in the alimentary canal of the sperm whale, commercially valuable.	165 153 156 85 5 116 10 101 51
M. Third child of Adam and Eve.	58 44 34 117
N. The sort of ecstasies Wm. McFee said the Communists show for pictures of machinery as art.	61 16 17 118 111 129
O. Fine English pianist, a Dame of the British Empire (1890 -).	127 87 102 43
P. Curve traced by a point of a circle that rolls on the outside of a fixed circle.	91 83 33 180 148 64 119 20 4 96
Q. Economist's term for an actual cash addition to income (2 wds.).	140 112 130 28 56 69 11 109
R. Alienated.	181 50 37 94 176 57 135 24 88
S. Slang term for man or boy who loafs around the docks, often up to no good (2 wds.).	92 151 6 84 169 97 149 144
T. Traditionally the poorest of God's creatures (2 wds.).	53 62 152 82 13 90 67 42 132 46 141
U. Surname of E. B. White's New York mouse.	100 70 54 86 43 39
V. Metallic element chiefly useful as constituent of alloys, in compounds for medicine, pigments, etc.	145 79 125 104 40 131 138 113
W. The native horse of the northernmost British territory in Europe.	150 171 122 95 103 139 81
X. Day of rest.	161 179 123 146 52 41 8

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 G	2 J	3 E	4 P	5 L		6 S	7 K	8 X	9 H	10 L	11 Q	12 J	13 T
14 D		15 E	16 N		17 N	18 J	19 H	20 P	21 C	22 E	23 F	24 R		25 H	26 D	27 C
28 Q	29 K		30 K	31 H	32 I	33 P	34 M	35 G	36 B		37 R	38 J	39 U	40 V		41 X
42 T		43 O	44 M	45 D	46 T	47 J	48 U	49 G	50 R	51 L		52 X	53 T	54 U	55 E	56 Q
57 R	58 M		59 B	60 K		61 N	62 T	63 I		64 P	65 C	66 H	67 T	68 J	69 Q	70 U
71 E	72 F	73 B		74 I	75 K	76 C	77 F		78 F	79 V	80 A	81 W	82 T	83 P	84 S	85 L
86 U	87 O	88 R		89 D	90 T	91 P		92 S	93 C	94 R	95 W	96 P		97 S	98 H	99 K
100 U	101 L	102 O	103 W	104 V	105 A	106 F	107 E	108 I	109 Q		110 J	111 N	112 Q	113 V		114 A
115 E	116 L	117 M	118 N		119 P	120 I	121 B	122 W		123 X	124 F	125 V		126 G	127 O	128 H
129 N		130 Q	131 V	132 T	133 K	134 F		135 R	136 A	137 K	138 V		139 W	140 Q	141 T	142 E
143 J	144 S	145 V	146 X	147 G	148 P		149 S	150 W		151 S	152 T	153 L	154 E	155 K		156 L
157 B	158 A	159 E	160 D	161 X		162 I	163 A		164 E	165 L	166 I	167 K		168 D	169 S	
170 J	171 W	172 F		173 D	174 B	175 J	176 R	177 G		178 E	179 X	180 P	181 R			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Profile of a Cultivated Person

who has fallen into the habit of missing books

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